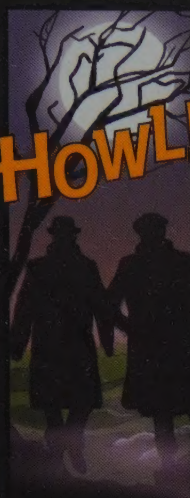


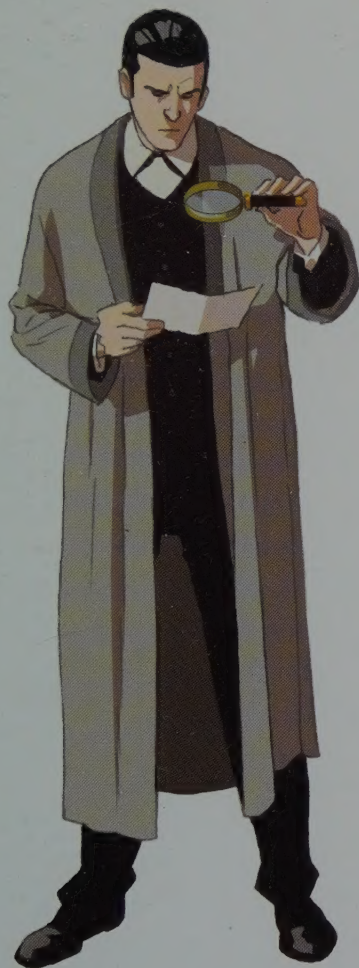
SHERLOCK HOLMES
**THE HOUND OF THE
BASKERVILLES**

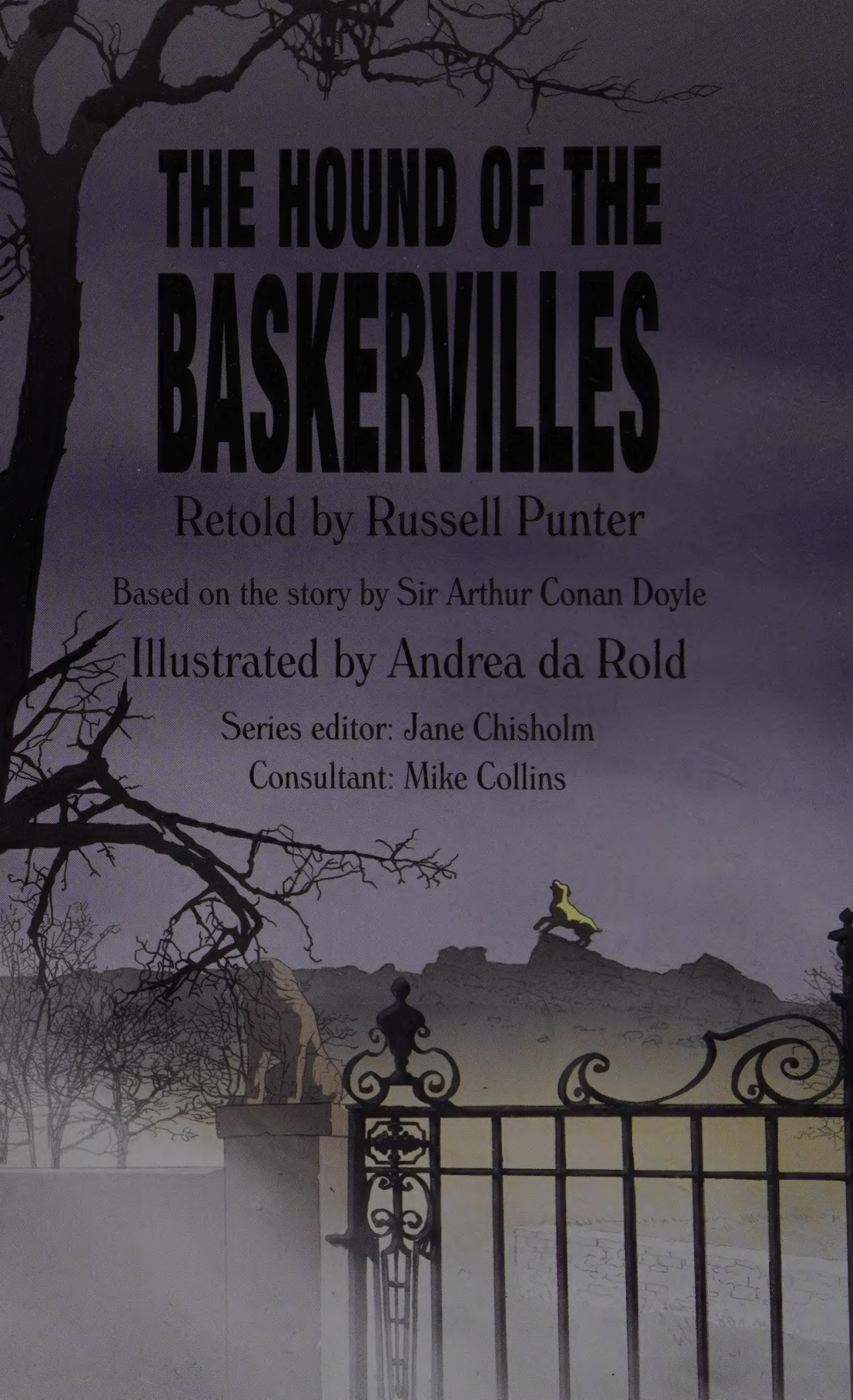
RUSSELL PUNTER
ANDREA DA ROLD



BASED ON THE STORY BY SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES





THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES

Retold by Russell Punter

Based on the story by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

Illustrated by Andrea da Rold

Series editor: Jane Chisholm

Consultant: Mike Collins

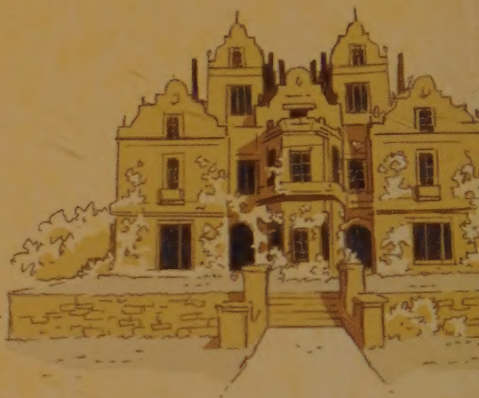


Map of the Baskerville Estate and surrounding area, Dartmoor, England

*Prehistoric
stone huts*



Baskerville Hall

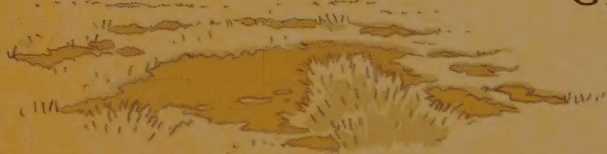


Merrypit House



Grimpen Mire

GRIMPEN



*Grimpen
Station*



*Abandoned
tin mine*

*to Princetown Prison
(14 miles)*





*High Tor
Farmhouse*

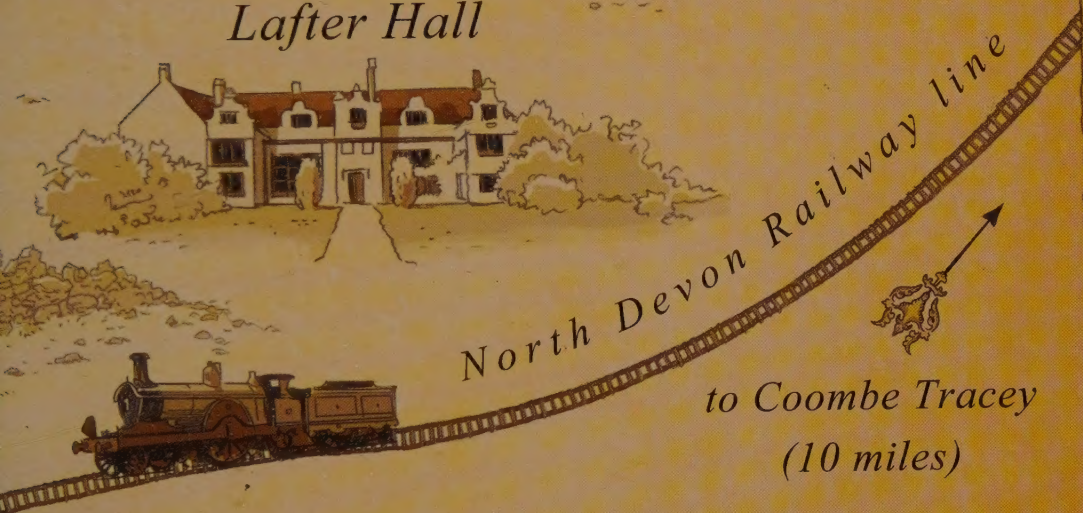


Foulfell Farmhouse



*Prehistoric
stone huts*

Lafter Hall



North Devon Railway line

*to Coombe Tracey
(10 miles)*



FERNWORTHY

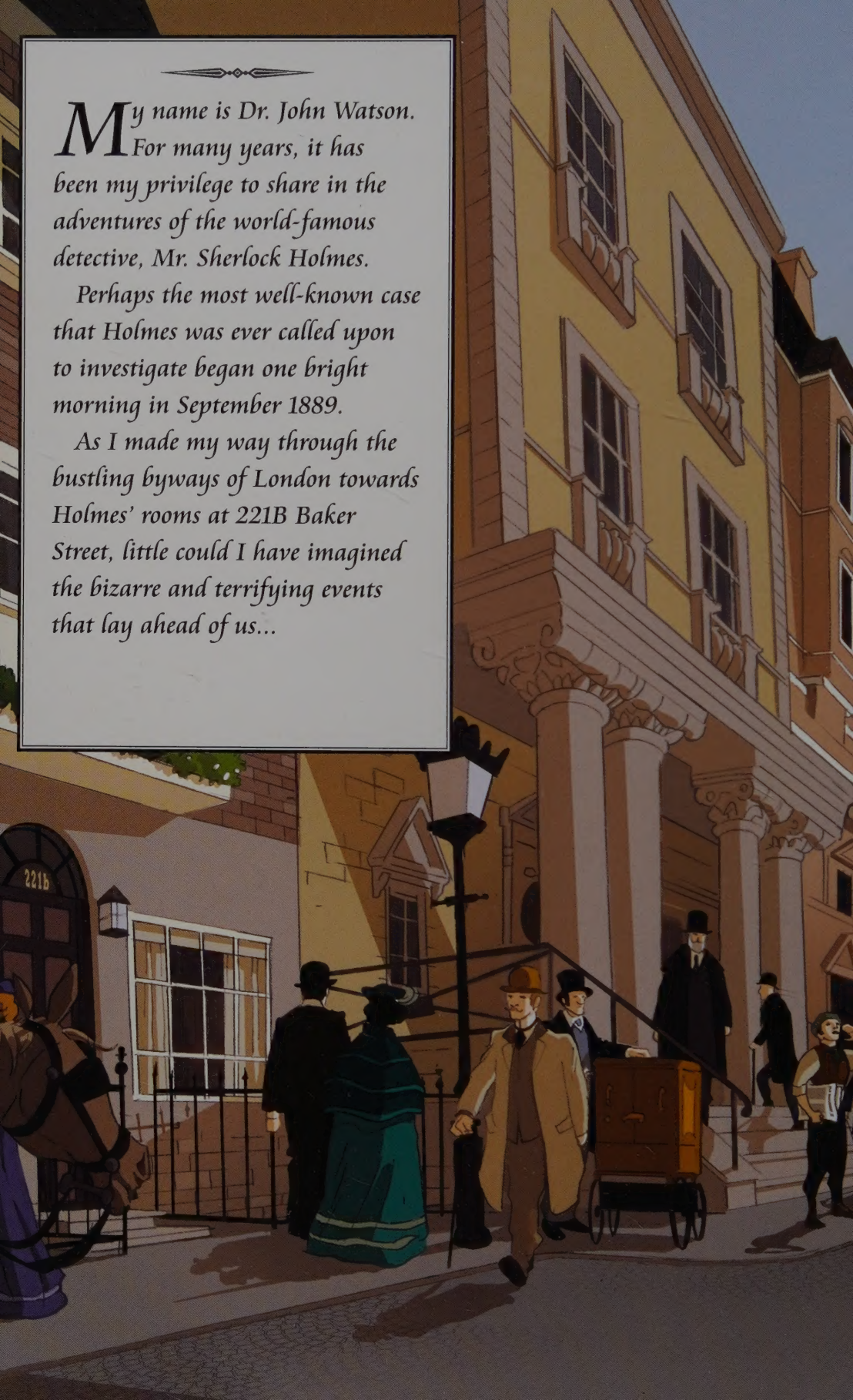
*Fernworthy
Woods*



My name is Dr. John Watson. For many years, it has been my privilege to share in the adventures of the world-famous detective, Mr. Sherlock Holmes.

Perhaps the most well-known case that Holmes was ever called upon to investigate began one bright morning in September 1889.

As I made my way through the bustling byways of London towards Holmes' rooms at 221B Baker Street, little could I have imagined the bizarre and terrifying events that lay ahead of us...

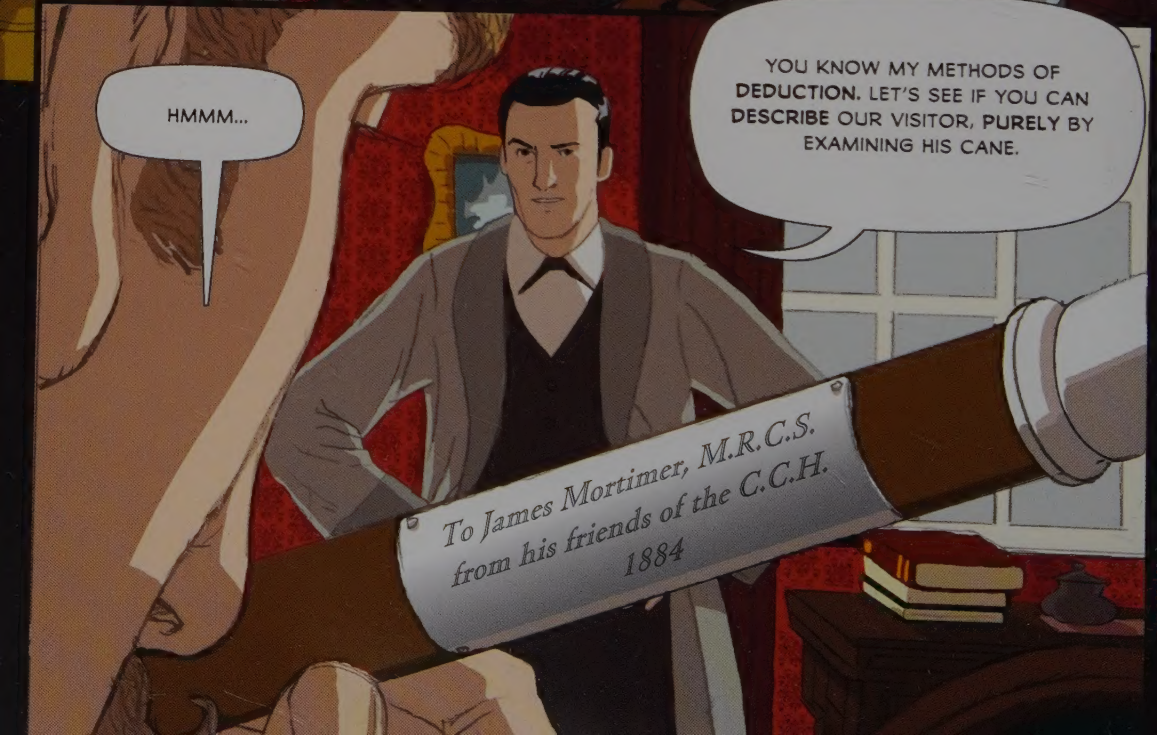






AH WATSON, YOUR TIMING IS AS EXCELLENT AS EVER! TELL ME WHAT YOU MAKE OF THIS WALKING STICK...

...ACCORDING TO MRS. HUDSON, MY HOUSEKEEPER, A CALLER LEFT IT BEHIND IN THE HALL WHILE I WAS OUT LAST NIGHT.



HMMM...

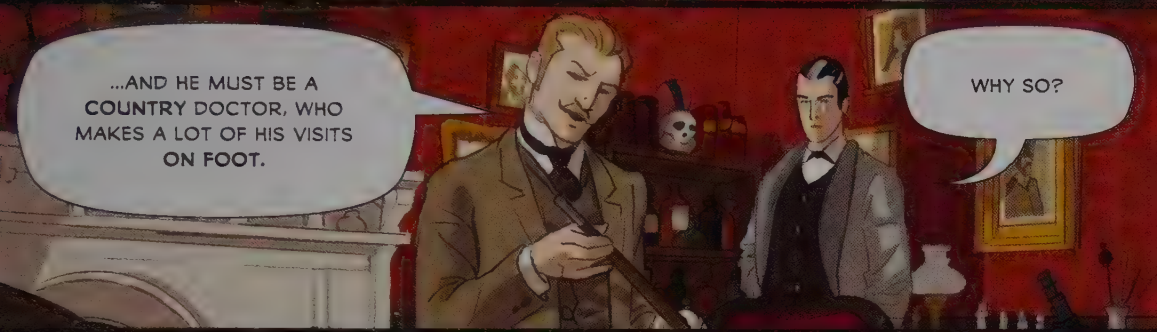
YOU KNOW MY METHODS OF DEDUCTION. LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN DESCRIBE OUR VISITOR, PURELY BY EXAMINING HIS CANE.

To James Mortimer, M.R.C.S.
from his friends of the C.C.H.
1884



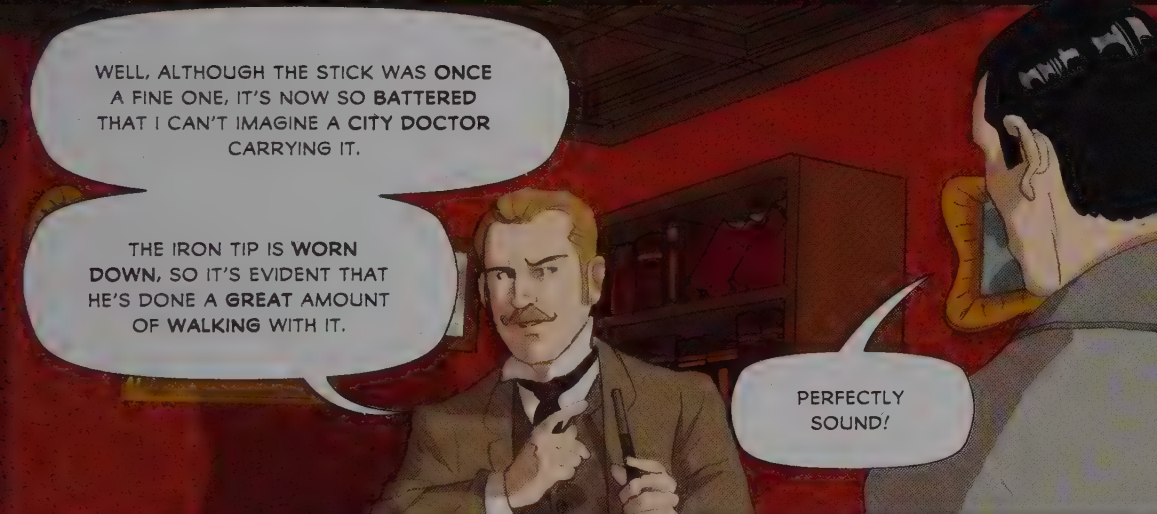
WELL, I THINK THIS DR. MORTIMER IS A **SUCCESSFUL** MAN WHO IS **HIGHLY REGARDED**, SINCE HIS FRIENDS GAVE HIM THIS AS A GIFT...

EXCELLENT!



...AND HE MUST BE A **COUNTRY DOCTOR**, WHO MAKES A LOT OF HIS VISITS **ON FOOT**.

WHY SO?



WELL, ALTHOUGH THE STICK WAS **ONCE** A FINE ONE, IT'S NOW SO **BATTERED** THAT I CAN'T IMAGINE A **CITY DOCTOR** CARRYING IT.

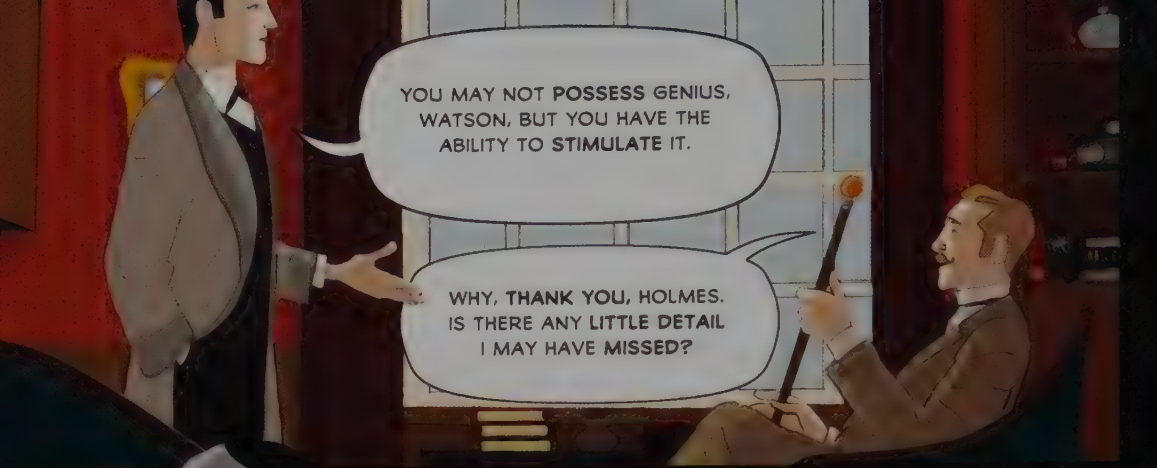
THE **IRON TIP** IS **WORN DOWN**, SO IT'S EVIDENT THAT HE'S DONE A **GREAT AMOUNT** OF WALKING WITH IT.

PERFECTLY SOUND!



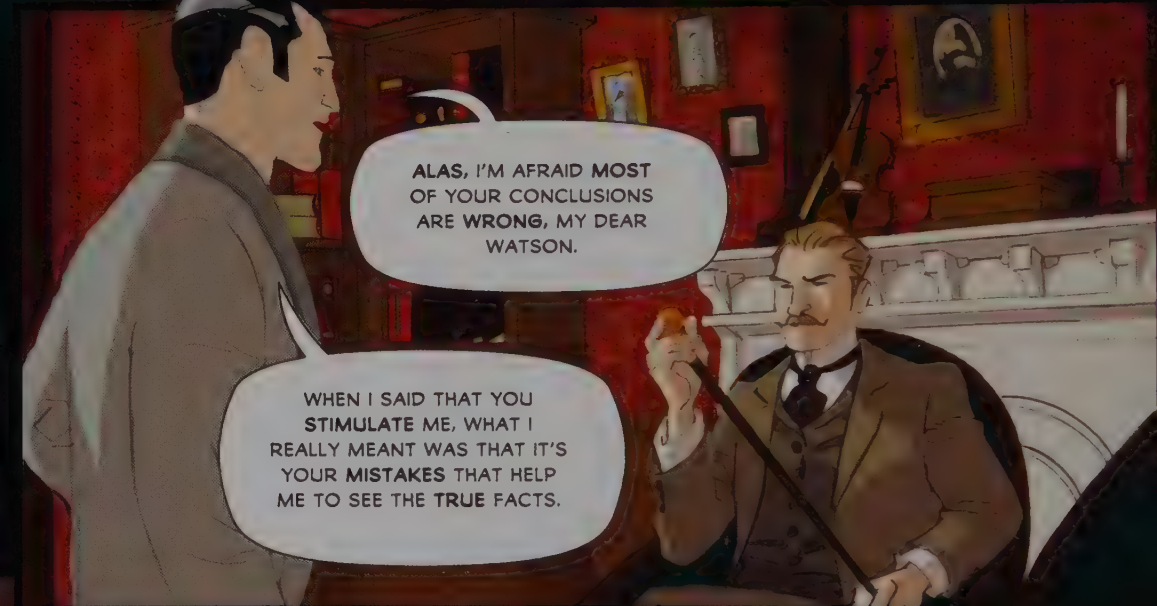
AS TO THE 'C.C.H.', I SHOULD IMAGINE THAT'S THE '**SOMETHING**' HUNT- A LOCAL FOX HUNT TO WHOM HE'S GIVEN MEDICAL ASSISTANCE. PERHAPS THEY PRESENTED HIM WITH THE STICK IN GRATITUDE.

REALLY, WATSON, YOU EXCEL YOURSELF!

A comic book panel showing Sherlock Holmes standing and John Watson sitting in a study. Holmes is gesturing with his hand while speaking. Watson is holding a violin and bow, looking up at Holmes. The room has red walls and a window in the background.

YOU MAY NOT POSSESS GENIUS,
WATSON, BUT YOU HAVE THE
ABILITY TO STIMULATE IT.

WHY, THANK YOU, HOLMES.
IS THERE ANY LITTLE DETAIL
I MAY HAVE MISSED?

A comic book panel showing Sherlock Holmes and John Watson in the same study. Holmes is standing and speaking, while Watson is sitting and holding a cigar. The room is filled with books and a violin is visible in the background.

ALAS, I'M AFRAID MOST
OF YOUR CONCLUSIONS
ARE WRONG, MY DEAR
WATSON.

WHEN I SAID THAT YOU
STIMULATE ME, WHAT I
REALLY MEANT WAS THAT IT'S
YOUR MISTAKES THAT HELP
ME TO SEE THE TRUE FACTS.

A comic book panel showing Sherlock Holmes standing and John Watson sitting. Holmes is gesturing with his hand while speaking. Watson is looking at Holmes. The room has red walls and a framed picture is visible in the background.

NOT THAT YOU'RE
COMPLETELY WRONG IN THIS
CASE. THE MAN IS CERTAINLY
A COUNTRY DOCTOR WHO
WALKS A GOOD DEAL.

HOWEVER, AS HE'S A MEDICAL
MAN, SURELY 'H' IS MORE LIKELY
TO STAND FOR 'HOSPITAL'?
'CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL' HERE
IN LONDON, PERHAPS?

AND IF HE WAS ONCE A DOCTOR
IN LONDON, BUT NOW LIVES IN
THE COUNTRY, IT SUGGESTS THAT
THE STICK WAS GIVEN TO HIM AS
A LEAVING PRESENT.

A comic book panel showing Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson. Sherlock is on the left, wearing a grey suit and a dark hat, holding a cane. Dr. Watson is on the right, wearing a brown suit and a bow tie, with a mustache. They are in a room with red walls and a window in the background.

I WOULD SAY OUR DOCTOR IS
POPULAR, UNAMBITIOUS,
ABSENT-MINDED AND THE OWNER OF
A DOG - LARGER THAN A TERRIER
BUT SMALLER THAN A MASTIFF!

HA HA! COME NOW,
HOW CAN YOU
DEDUCE ALL THAT?

HE'S POPULAR ENOUGH TO BE GIVEN A
FINE PRESENT, BUT ALSO UNAMBITIOUS,
HAVING ABANDONED A CAREER IN
LONDON FOR THE COUNTRY.
AND ONLY AN ABSENT-MINDED MAN
LEAVES BEHIND HIS STICK BUT NOT HIS
VISITING CARD!

AND THE DOG?

THESE TEETH MARKS SHOW THAT
A DOG HAS BEEN IN THE HABIT OF
CARRYING THE STICK. THE JAW SIZE
IS TOO WIDE FOR A TERRIER BUT
NOT BROAD ENOUGH FOR A MASTIFF.

IN FACT, I SHOULD SAY
IT'S A BROWN AND
WHITE SPANIEL!

MY DEAR FELLOW,
HOW CAN YOU
POSSIBLY KNOW
THAT?

BECAUSE I CAN SEE THE DOG
APPROACHING OUR DOORSTEP,
ALONG WITH ITS OWNER.

DON'T GO, WATSON, YOU MAY
BE OF ASSISTANCE TO ME.
LET'S SEE WHAT DR. MORTIMER, MAN OF
SCIENCE, WANTS WITH SHERLOCK HOLMES,
SPECIALIST IN CRIME!

AS HOLMES' FAITHFUL HOUSEKEEPER USHERS IN THE VISITOR...



YOUR STICK, I BELIEVE,
DR. MORTIMER?

AH, THANK YOU, SIR. IT WAS
A PRESENT AND I'D NOT
LOSE IT FOR THE WORLD!



FROM CHARING
CROSS HOSPITAL?

YES, THAT'S RIGHT, FROM
MY FRIENDS THERE WHEN I
LEFT TO GET MARRIED AND
SET UP PRACTICE IN THE
COUNTRY.

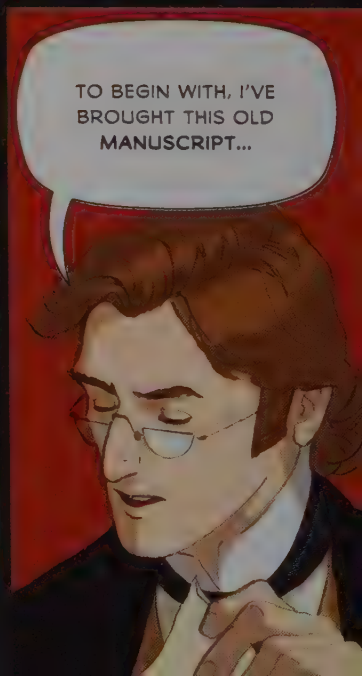
HOLMES INVITES THEIR VISITOR TO TAKE A SEAT...

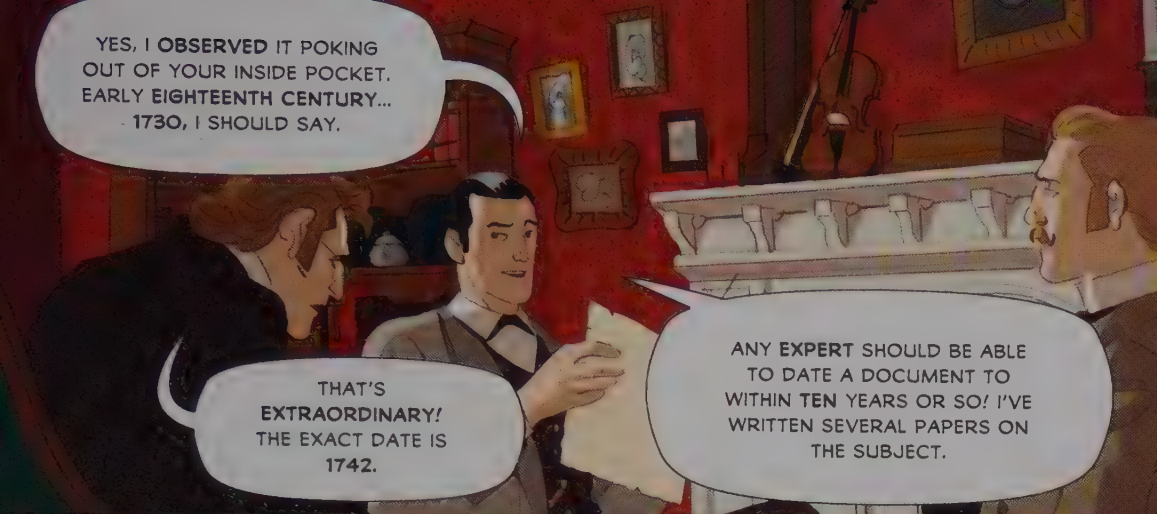


I CAME TO YOU, MR. HOLMES,
BECAUSE I'M CONFRONTED
BY A MOST SERIOUS AND
EXTRAORDINARY PROBLEM.

THEN TELL ME PLAINLY
THE EXACT NATURE OF
THE CASE.

TO BEGIN WITH, I'VE
BROUGHT THIS OLD
MANUSCRIPT...





YES, I **OBSERVED** IT **POKING**
OUT OF YOUR **INSIDE POCKET**.
EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY...
- **1730**, I SHOULD SAY.

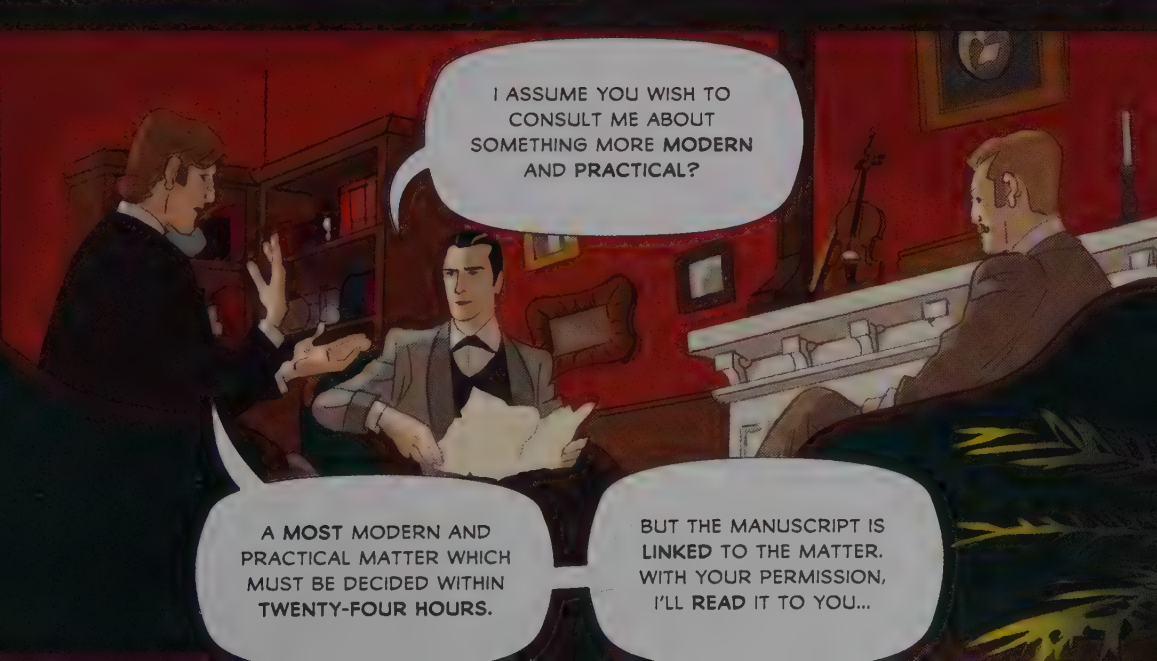
THAT'S
EXTRAORDINARY!
THE EXACT DATE IS
1742.

ANY EXPERT SHOULD BE ABLE
TO DATE A DOCUMENT TO
WITHIN TEN YEARS OR SO! I'VE
WRITTEN SEVERAL PAPERS ON
THE SUBJECT.



THE MANUSCRIPT WAS GIVEN TO ME
BY **SIR CHARLES BASKERVILLE**, OF
BASKERVILLE HALL, DEVONSHIRE. I
WAS HIS DOCTOR UNTIL HIS SUDDEN,
TRAGIC **DEATH** THREE MONTHS AGO.

IT RECOUNTS A CERTAIN
LEGEND WHICH RUNS IN THE
BASKERVILLE FAMILY.



I ASSUME YOU WISH TO
CONSULT ME ABOUT
SOMETHING MORE **MODERN**
AND **PRACTICAL**?

A MOST **MODERN** AND
PRACTICAL MATTER WHICH
MUST BE DECIDED WITHIN
TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

BUT THE MANUSCRIPT IS
LINKED TO THE MATTER.
WITH YOUR PERMISSION,
I'LL READ IT TO YOU...

From Hugo Baskerville to his sons Rodger and John, with instructions that they say nothing thereof to their sister Elizabeth.

There have been many statements regarding the origin of the Hound of the Baskervilles. However the following version has been handed down from previous generations of our family. As such, I believe it to be true. It tells the story of our ancestor with whom I share my name, Hugo Baskerville. I lay it down so that future generations may learn from the mistakes of that evil man...

One hundred years ago, this Manor of Baskerville was owned by one Hugo of that name. He was a wild and cruel man who became obsessed with the daughter of a local farmer, though she felt nothing for this most wicked of men.

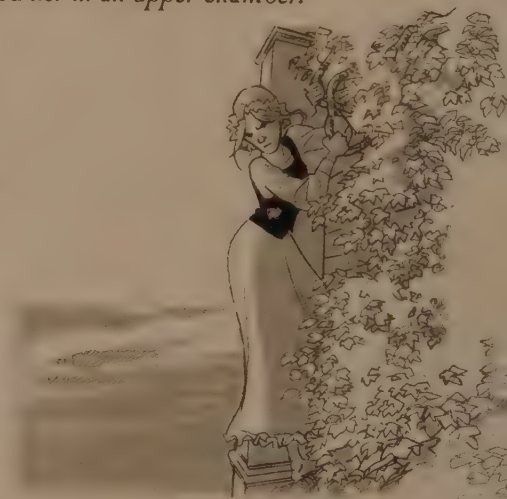


One night, Hugo and his companions stole the maiden away from her home and carried her back to Baskerville Hall, where Hugo locked her in an upper chamber.



Fearing for her life, she climbed down the ivy which covered the wall below the room. Then she ran across the moor towards her father's farm.

When Hugo found her gone, he let loose his hounds and rode off in pursuit of the girl across the moonlit moor.



The companions he left behind came to their senses and followed Hugo with the aim of saving the poor girl. On their way, they met a terrified shepherd who told them that Hugo Baskerville had indeed passed by, pursued by an unearthly hound.

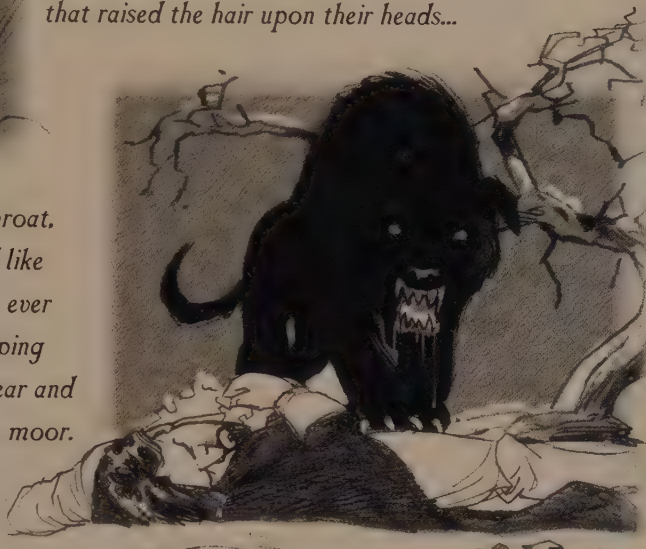


The men's skins turned cold, as Hugo's horse came galloping across the moor, its saddle empty. They rode on until they found Hugo's hounds whimpering and gazing down the narrow valley before them.



Three of the men rode on into the valley. There in the moonlight lay the body of the maid, dead from fear and fatigue. Nearby lay the body of Hugo Baskerville. But it was not these sights that raised the hair upon their heads...

...standing over Hugo, plucking at his throat, there stood a great, black beast, shaped like a hound, yet larger than any hound that ever lived. It turned its blazing eyes and dripping jaws upon the men, who shrieked with fear and rode for dear life, screaming, across the moor.



One of them, it is said, died that very night of what he had seen. The other two were broken men for the rest of their days.



Such is the tale, my sons, of the coming of the hound which is said to have plagued our family ever since. Many of the family have suffered sudden, bloody and mysterious deaths. I hereby caution you not to cross the moor in those dark hours when the powers of evil are at their height.





THE DEATH OF SIR CHARLES BASKERVILLE

The circumstances which led to the sudden and tragic death of Sir Charles Baskerville are as follows.

At ten o'clock on the evening of the thirtieth of June, Sir Charles left the dining room of Baskerville Hall to enjoy a cigar outside in the yew alley, as was his habit.

According to evidence given at the recent inquest by Sir Charles' butler, Barrymore, by eleven o'clock his master had still not returned.

It was an unseasonably cold, damp night and Sir Charles was known to suffer from a heart condition. Becoming concerned, Barrymore followed footsteps on the soft gravel path, and saw signs that Sir Charles had stood for some time at a low, wooden gate halfway down the alley, which leads out onto the moor.



It then appeared that Sir Charles had walked on tiptoe to the end of the alley, where Barrymore found his master's body. There were no signs of foul play, although Sir Charles' face was said to be terribly distorted.



Local physician Dr. James Mortimer was called to attend the scene and later stated that Sir Charles had died from heart failure, which would account for his facial expression.

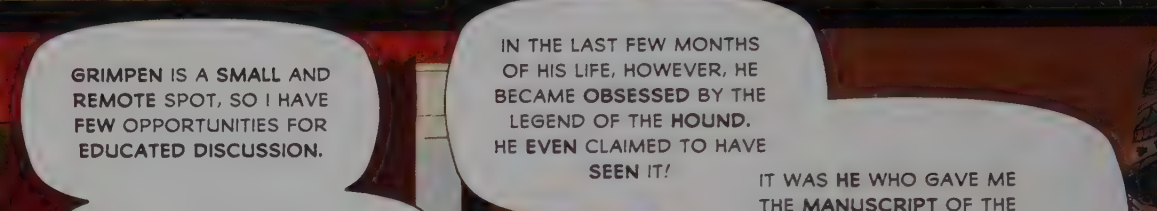


It is understood that the next of kin is Mr. Henry Baskerville, the son of Sir Charles' younger brother. He was last heard of in America and inquiries are being made to inform him of his inheritance.





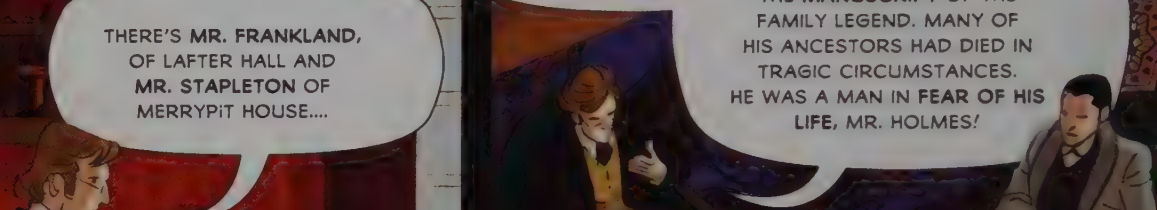
YES. I WITHHELD CERTAIN
DETAILS FROM THE
CORONER'S INQUIRY AS I
DIDN'T WANT TO FRIGHTEN
AWAY SIR CHARLES'
SUCCESSOR!



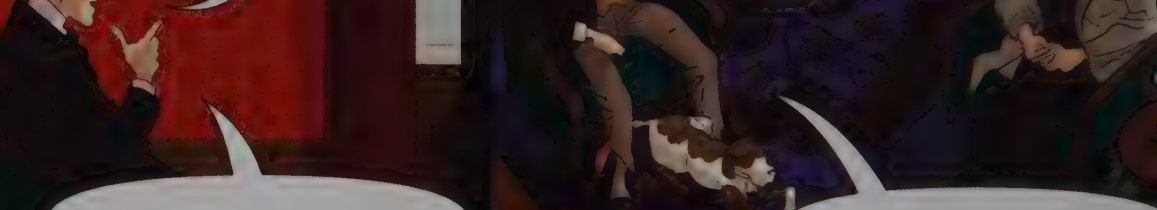
GRIMPEN IS A SMALL AND
REMOTE SPOT, SO I HAVE
FEW OPPORTUNITIES FOR
EDUCATED DISCUSSION.

IN THE LAST FEW MONTHS
OF HIS LIFE, HOWEVER, HE
BECAME OBSESSED BY THE
LEGEND OF THE HOUND.
HE EVEN CLAIMED TO HAVE
SEEN IT!

IT WAS HE WHO GAVE ME
THE MANUSCRIPT OF THE
FAMILY LEGEND. MANY OF
HIS ANCESTORS HAD DIED IN
TRAGIC CIRCUMSTANCES.
HE WAS A MAN IN FEAR OF HIS
LIFE, MR. HOLMES!

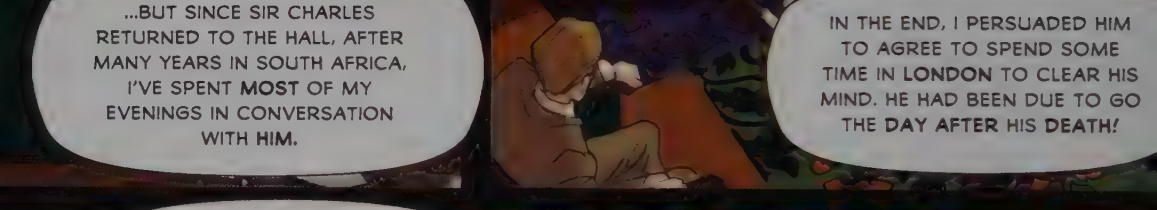


THERE'S MR. FRANKLAND,
OF LAFTER HALL AND
MR. STAPLETON OF
MERRYPIIT HOUSE....



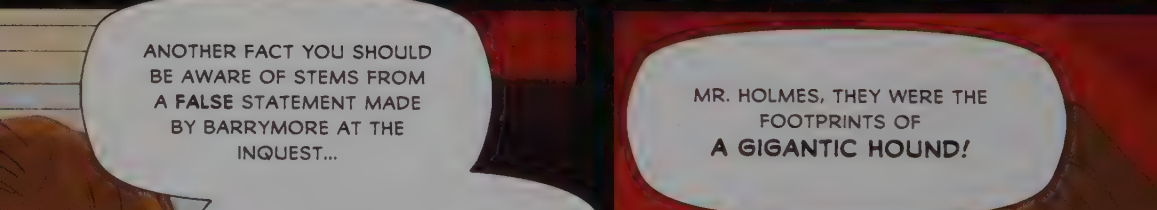
...BUT SINCE SIR CHARLES
RETURNED TO THE HALL, AFTER
MANY YEARS IN SOUTH AFRICA,
I'VE SPENT MOST OF MY
EVENINGS IN CONVERSATION
WITH HIM.

IN THE END, I PERSUADED HIM
TO AGREE TO SPEND SOME
TIME IN LONDON TO CLEAR HIS
MIND. HE HAD BEEN DUE TO GO
THE DAY AFTER HIS DEATH!

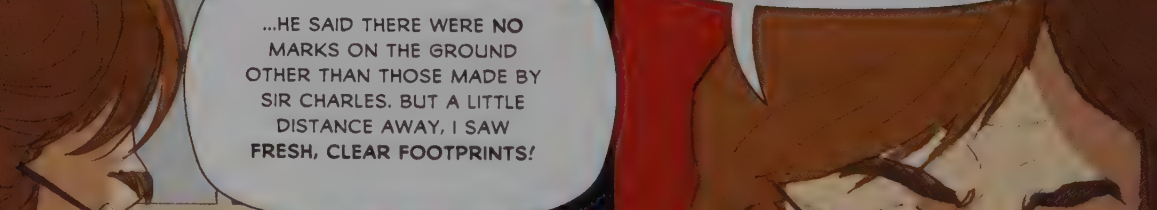


ANOTHER FACT YOU SHOULD
BE AWARE OF STEMS FROM
A FALSE STATEMENT MADE
BY BARRYMORE AT THE
INQUEST...

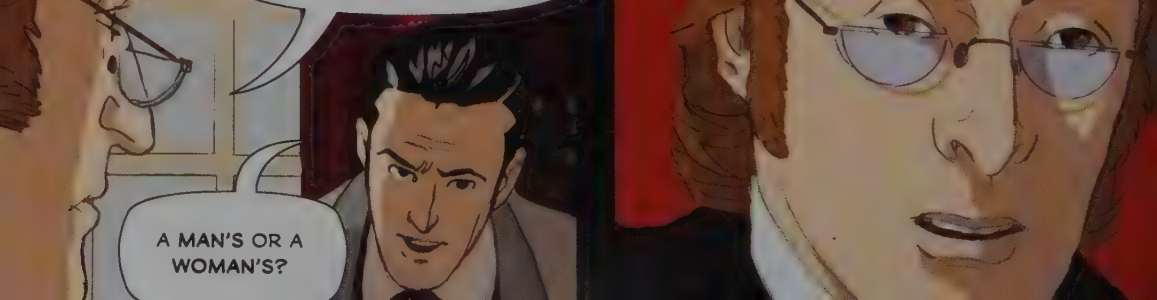
...HE SAID THERE WERE NO
MARKS ON THE GROUND
OTHER THAN THOSE MADE BY
SIR CHARLES. BUT A LITTLE
DISTANCE AWAY, I SAW
FRESH, CLEAR FOOTPRINTS!

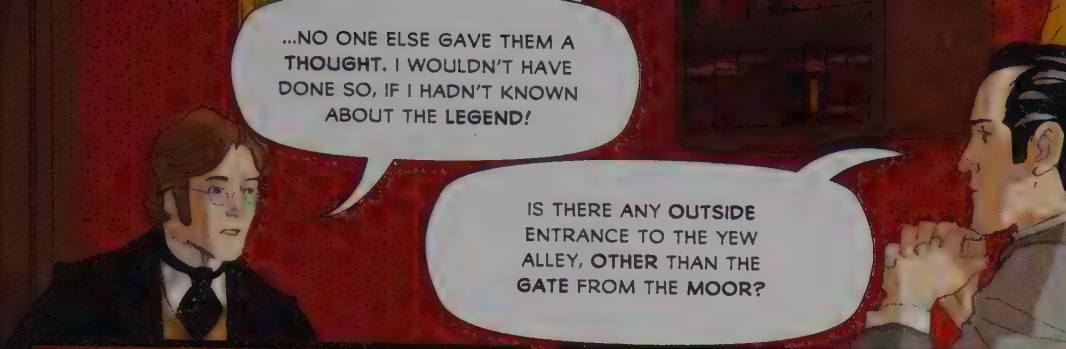


MR. HOLMES, THEY WERE THE
FOOTPRINTS OF
A GIGANTIC HOUND!



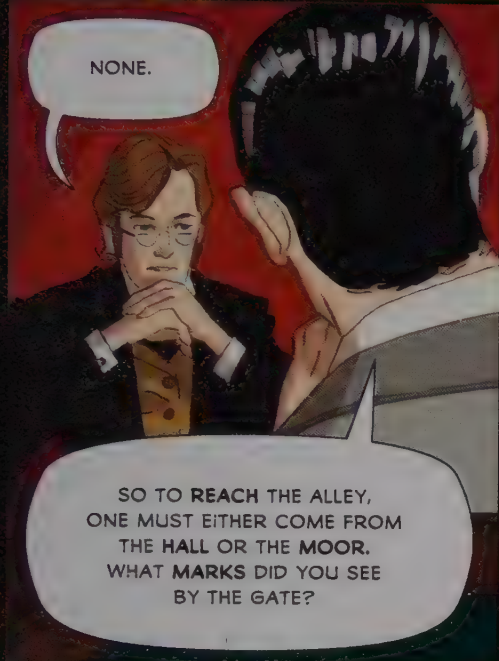
A MAN'S OR A
WOMAN'S?





...NO ONE ELSE GAVE THEM A
THOUGHT. I WOULDN'T HAVE
DONE SO, IF I HADN'T KNOWN
ABOUT THE LEGEND!

IS THERE ANY OUTSIDE
ENTRANCE TO THE YEW
ALLEY, OTHER THAN THE
GATE FROM THE MOOR?



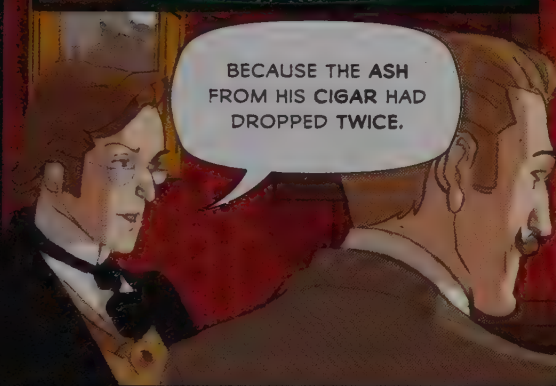
NONE.

SO TO REACH THE ALLEY,
ONE MUST EITHER COME FROM
THE HALL OR THE MOOR.
WHAT MARKS DID YOU SEE
BY THE GATE?



WELL, SIR CHARLES HAD
EVIDENTLY **STOOD** THERE
FOR FIVE OR TEN MINUTES...

HOW DO YOU
KNOW?



BECAUSE THE ASH
FROM HIS CIGAR HAD
DROPPED TWICE.

EXCELLENT!
DR. MORTIMER IS A MAN
AFTER OUR OWN HEARTS,
WATSON!

AND WHAT OTHER MARKS
WERE THERE ON THE
GROUND?



ONLY THOSE OF SIR
CHARLES. I COULD SEE
NO OTHERS.

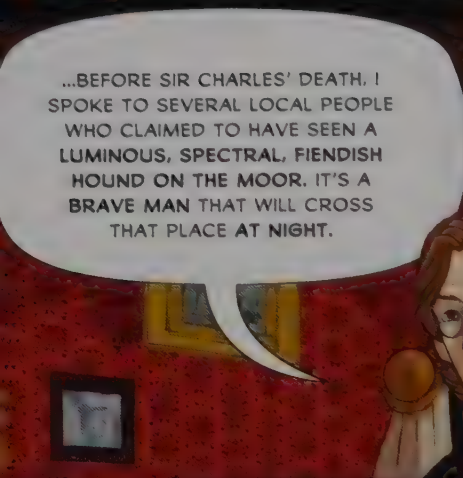
IF ONLY I'D BEEN
THERE!

IT'S A PITY YOU DIDN'T CALL
ME IN THREE MONTHS AGO
WHEN IT OCCURRED,
DR. MORTIMER!

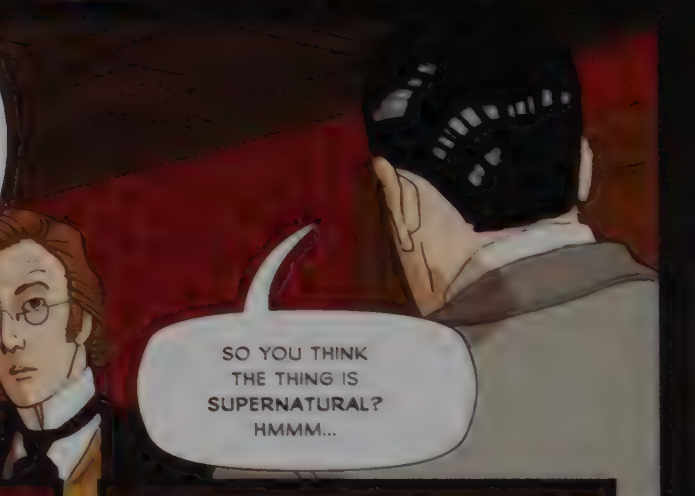


I DIDN'T WANT WHAT SIR CHARLES HAD TOLD ME IN CONFIDENCE TO BECOME PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE. BESIDES...

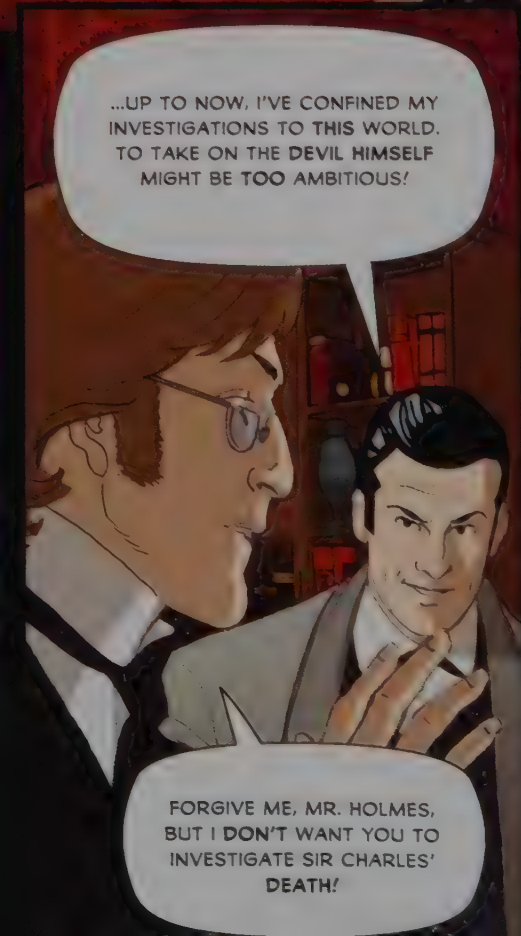
...THERE IS A WORLD IN WHICH EVEN THE MOST EXPERIENCED OF DETECTIVES IS HELPLESS...



...BEFORE SIR CHARLES' DEATH, I SPOKE TO SEVERAL LOCAL PEOPLE WHO CLAIMED TO HAVE SEEN A LUMINOUS, SPECTRAL, FIENDISH HOUND ON THE MOOR. IT'S A BRAVE MAN THAT WILL CROSS THAT PLACE AT NIGHT.



SO YOU THINK THE THING IS SUPERNATURAL? HMMM...



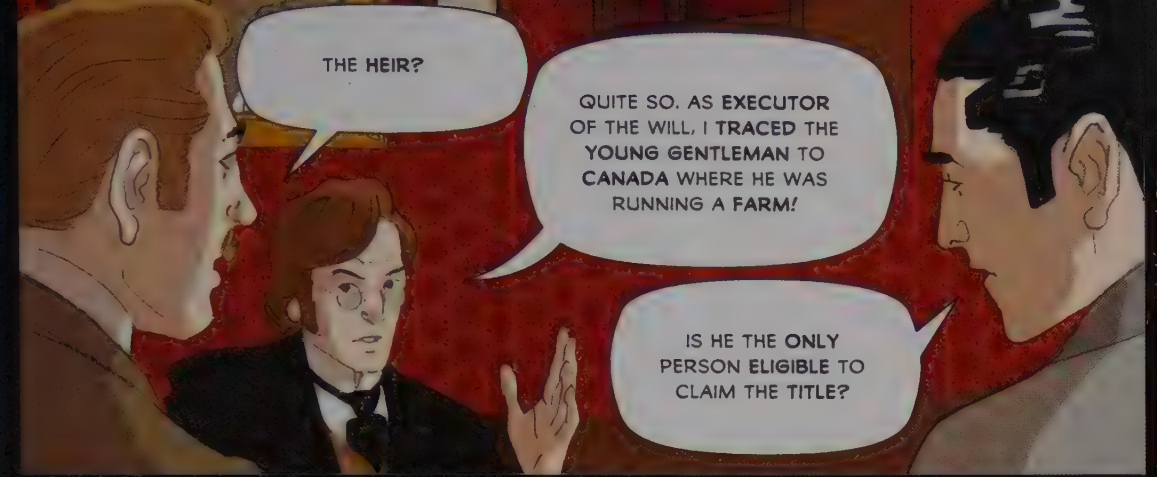
...UP TO NOW, I'VE CONFINED MY INVESTIGATIONS TO THIS WORLD. TO TAKE ON THE DEVIL HIMSELF MIGHT BE TOO AMBITIOUS!



THEN HOW CAN I ASSIST YOU?

FORGIVE ME, MR. HOLMES, BUT I DON'T WANT YOU TO INVESTIGATE SIR CHARLES' DEATH!

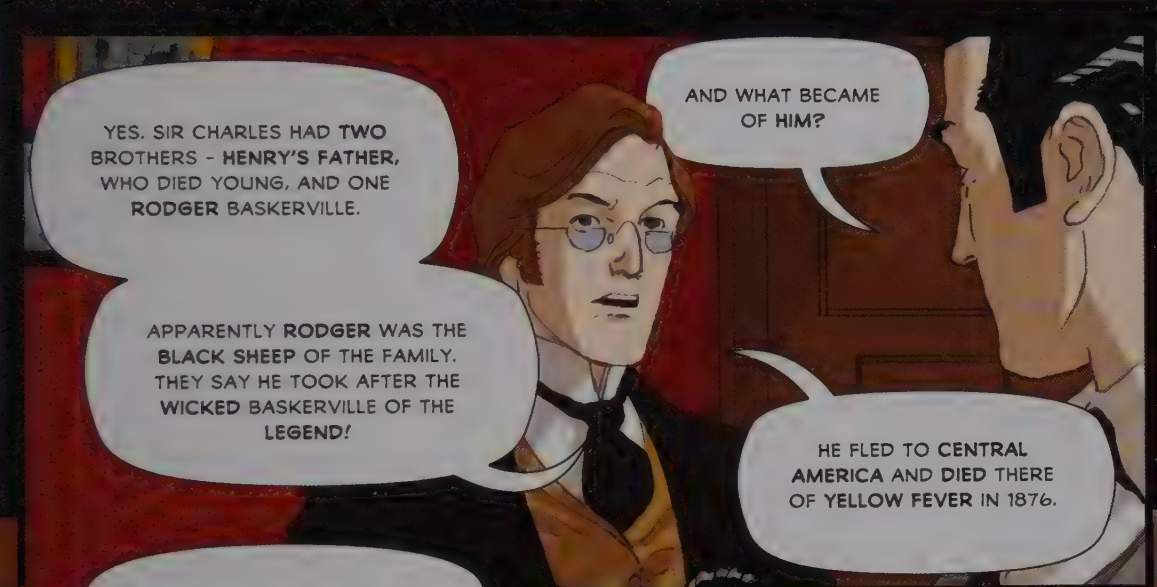
BY ADVISING ME ON WHAT TO DO WITH SIR HENRY BASKERVILLE, WHO ARRIVES AT WATERLOO STATION IN ONE HOUR!



THE HEIR?

QUITE SO. AS EXECUTOR
OF THE WILL, I TRACED THE
YOUNG GENTLEMAN TO
CANADA WHERE HE WAS
RUNNING A FARM!

IS HE THE ONLY
PERSON ELIGIBLE TO
CLAIM THE TITLE?

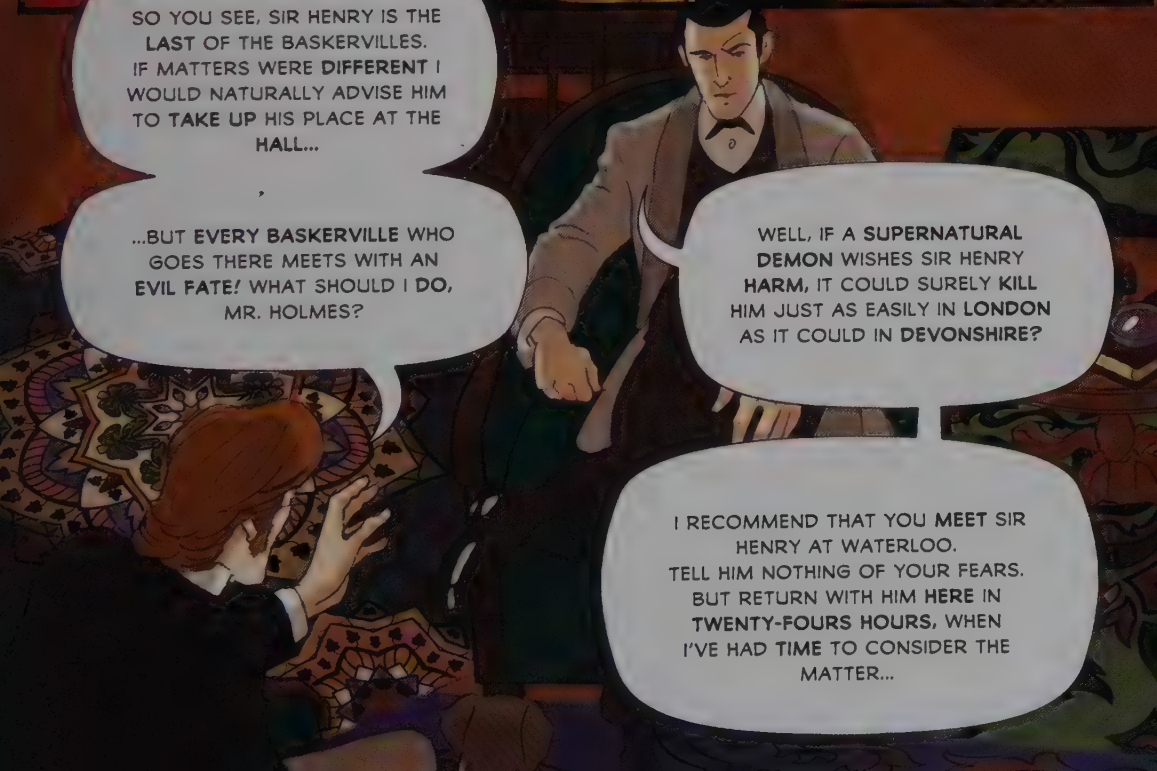


YES. SIR CHARLES HAD TWO
BROTHERS - HENRY'S FATHER,
WHO DIED YOUNG, AND ONE
RODGER BASKERVILLE.

APPARENTLY RODGER WAS THE
BLACK SHEEP OF THE FAMILY.
THEY SAY HE TOOK AFTER THE
WICKED BASKERVILLE OF THE
LEGEND!

AND WHAT BECAME OF
HIM?

HE FLED TO CENTRAL
AMERICA AND DIED THERE
OF YELLOW FEVER IN 1876.

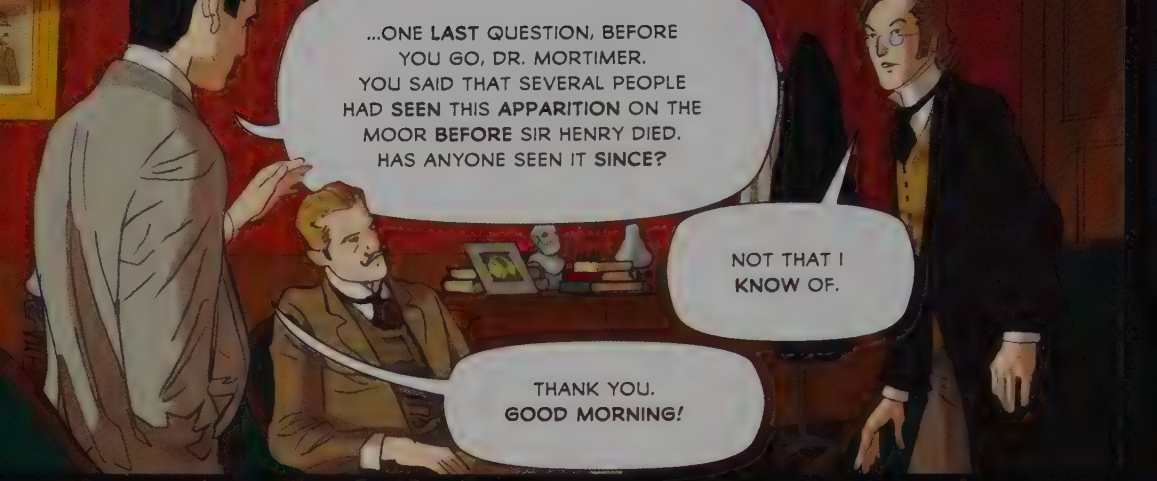


SO YOU SEE, SIR HENRY IS THE
LAST OF THE BASKERVILLES.
IF MATTERS WERE DIFFERENT I
WOULD NATURALLY ADVISE HIM
TO TAKE UP HIS PLACE AT THE
HALL...

...BUT EVERY BASKERVILLE WHO
GOES THERE MEETS WITH AN
EVIL FATE! WHAT SHOULD I DO,
MR. HOLMES?

WELL, IF A SUPERNATURAL
DEMON WISHES SIR HENRY
HARM, IT COULD SURELY KILL
HIM JUST AS EASILY IN LONDON
AS IT COULD IN DEVONSHIRE?

I RECOMMEND THAT YOU MEET SIR
HENRY AT WATERLOO.
TELL HIM NOTHING OF YOUR FEARS.
BUT RETURN WITH HIM HERE IN
TWENTY-FOURS HOURS, WHEN
I'VE HAD TIME TO CONSIDER THE
MATTER...

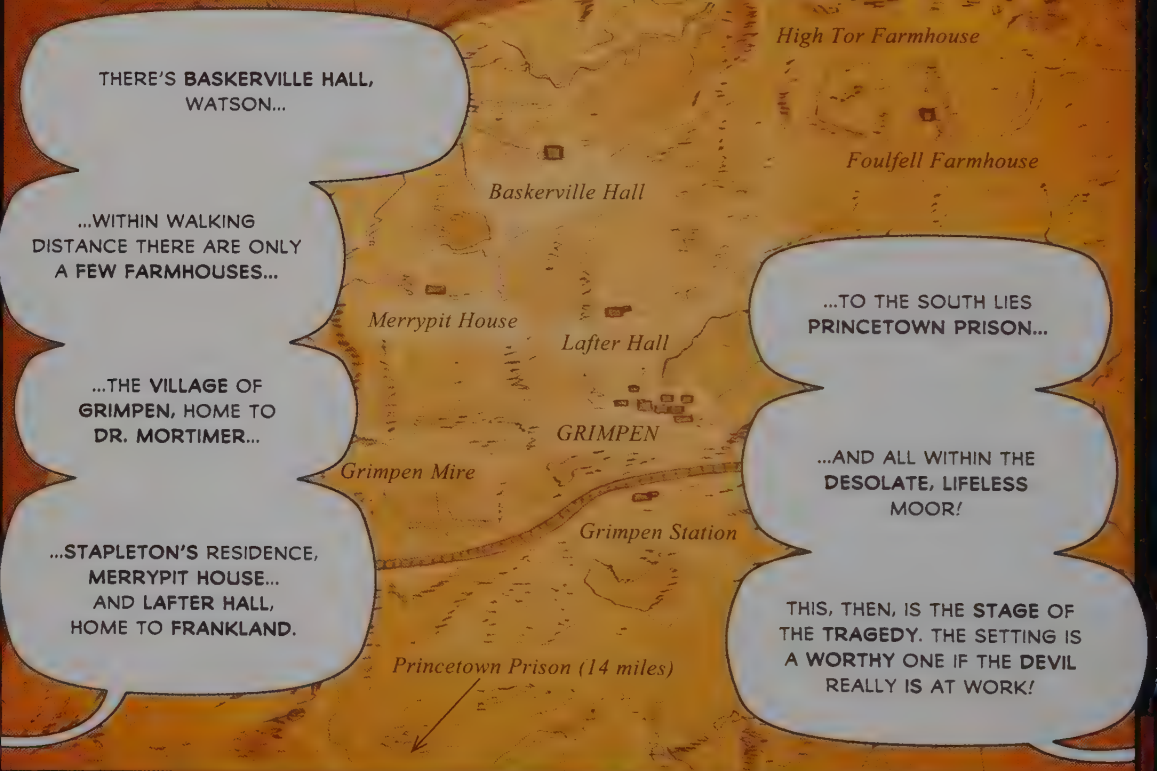


...ONE LAST QUESTION, BEFORE YOU GO, DR. MORTIMER. YOU SAID THAT SEVERAL PEOPLE HAD SEEN THIS APPARITION ON THE MOOR BEFORE SIR HENRY DIED. HAS ANYONE SEEN IT SINCE?

NOT THAT I KNOW OF.

THANK YOU.
GOOD MORNING!

AFTER DR. MORTIMER HAS GONE, HOLMES TAKES OUT A MAP OF DARTMOOR AND STUDIES THE AREA IN QUESTION...



THERE'S BASKERVILLE HALL, WATSON...

...WITHIN WALKING DISTANCE THERE ARE ONLY A FEW FARMHOUSES...

...THE VILLAGE OF GRIMPEN, HOME TO DR. MORTIMER...

...STAPLETON'S RESIDENCE, MERRYPIT HOUSE... AND LAFTER HALL, HOME TO FRANKLAND.

High Tor Farmhouse

Foulfell Farmhouse

Baskerville Hall

Merrypit House

Lafter Hall

GRIMPEN

Grimpen Mire

Grimpen Station

Princetown Prison (14 miles)

...TO THE SOUTH LIES PRINCETOWN PRISON...

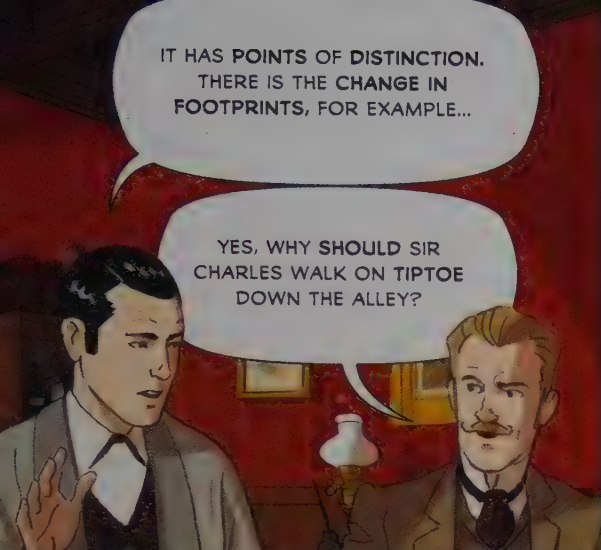
...AND ALL WITHIN THE DESOLATE, LIFELESS MOOR!

THIS, THEN, IS THE STAGE OF THE TRAGEDY. THE SETTING IS A WORTHY ONE IF THE DEVIL REALLY IS AT WORK!



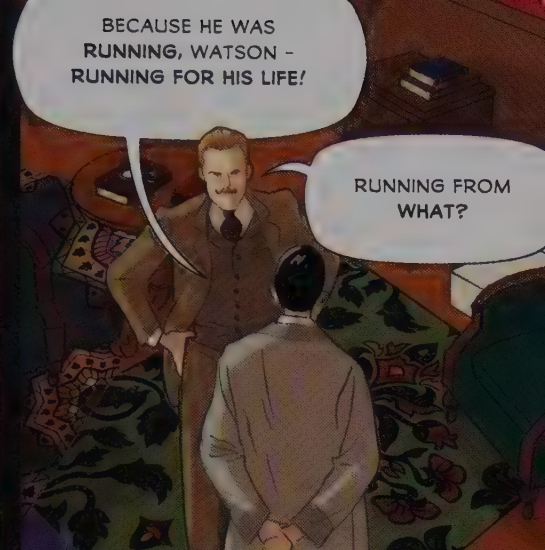
WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THE CASE SO FAR?

IT'S CERTAINLY VERY BEWILDERING!



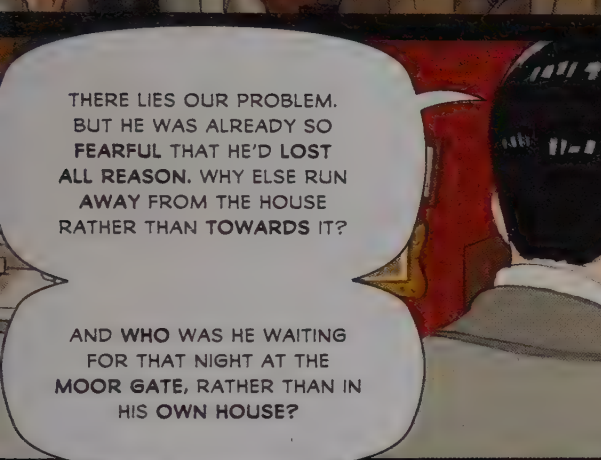
IT HAS POINTS OF DISTINCTION.
THERE IS THE CHANGE IN
FOOTPRINTS, FOR EXAMPLE...

YES, WHY SHOULD SIR
CHARLES WALK ON TIPTOE
DOWN THE ALLEY?



BECAUSE HE WAS
RUNNING, WATSON -
RUNNING FOR HIS LIFE!

RUNNING FROM
WHAT?

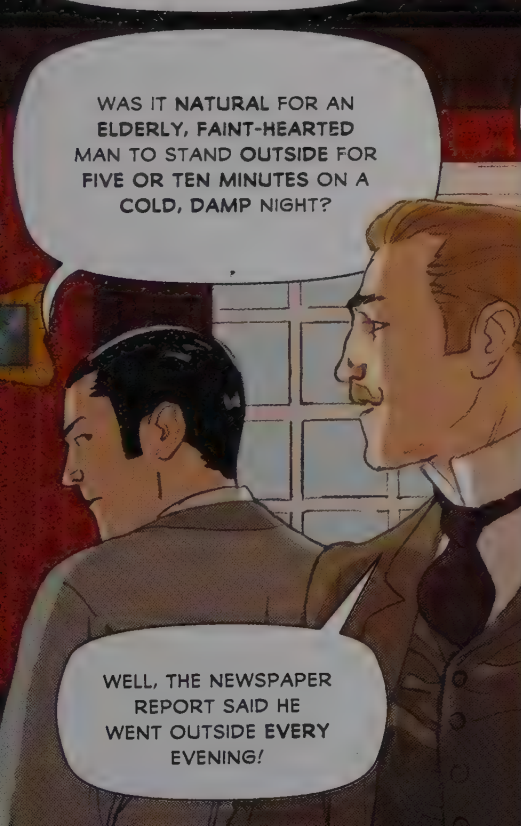


THERE LIES OUR PROBLEM.
BUT HE WAS ALREADY SO
FEARFUL THAT HE'D LOST
ALL REASON. WHY ELSE RUN
AWAY FROM THE HOUSE
RATHER THAN TOWARDS IT?

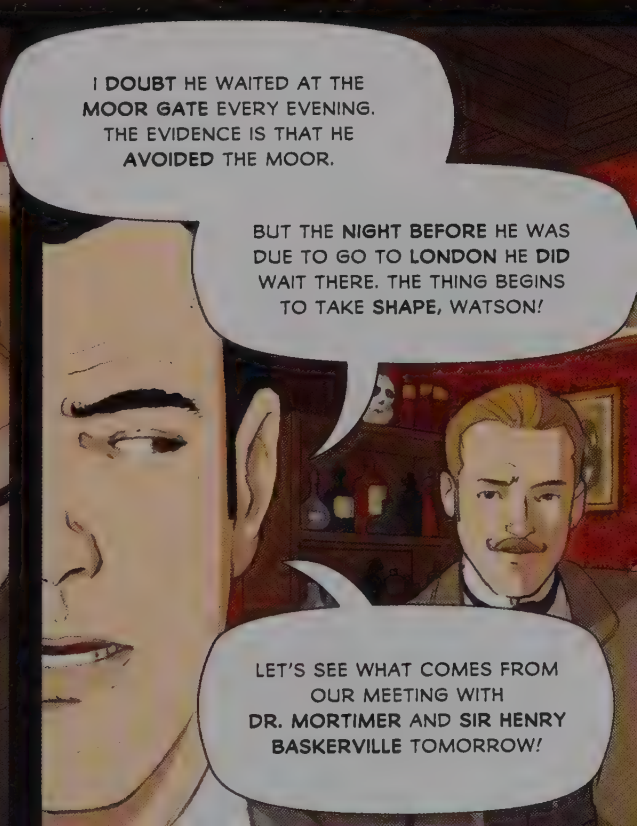
AND WHO WAS HE WAITING
FOR THAT NIGHT AT THE
MOOR GATE, RATHER THAN IN
HIS OWN HOUSE?



YOU THINK HE
WAS WAITING FOR
SOMEONE?



WAS IT NATURAL FOR AN
ELDERLY, FAINT-HEARTED
MAN TO STAND OUTSIDE FOR
FIVE OR TEN MINUTES ON A
COLD, DAMP NIGHT?



I DOUBT HE WAITED AT THE
MOOR GATE EVERY EVENING.
THE EVIDENCE IS THAT HE
AVOIDED THE MOOR.

BUT THE NIGHT BEFORE HE WAS
DUE TO GO TO LONDON HE DID
WAIT THERE. THE THING BEGINS
TO TAKE SHAPE, WATSON!

WELL, THE NEWSPAPER
REPORT SAID HE
WENT OUTSIDE EVERY
EVENING!

LET'S SEE WHAT COMES FROM
OUR MEETING WITH
DR. MORTIMER AND SIR HENRY
BASKERVILLE TOMORROW!

THE FOLLOWING MORNING AT PRECISELY TEN O'CLOCK...

MR. HOLMES,
DR. WATSON... MAY I
PRESENT SIR HENRY
BASKERVILLE!

GOOD MORNING, GENTLEMEN.
IT'S STRANGE, BUT EVEN
IF DR. MORTIMER HADN'T
SUGGESTED I VISIT YOU
TODAY, I WOULD HAVE DONE
SO ANYWAY...

...FOR I UNDERSTAND YOU
THINK OUT LITTLE PUZZLES,
MR. HOLMES, AND I'VE HAD
ONE THIS MORNING THAT
TAKES MORE THINKING OUT
THAN I CAN GIVE IT!



IT'S PROBABLY JUST
A JOKE, BUT THIS
MORNING I RECEIVED
THIS LETTER, ADDRESSED
TO ME AT MY HOTEL...

WHO KNEW YOU'D BE
STAYING THERE?

NO ONE.
I ONLY DECIDED AFTER I MET
DR. MORTIMER YESTERDAY.
HE WAS STAYING WITH A
FRIEND, SO HAD NO NEED OF
A HOTEL HIMSELF.



As you value your life keep away from the MOOR.

SIR HENRY BASKERVILLE
NORTHUMBERLAND HOTEL

NOW, MR. HOLMES,
PERHAPS YOU'LL TELL
ME WHAT IN THUNDER IS
THE MEANING OF IT?

IT'S A VERY INTERESTING
DOCUMENT WHICH MUST
HAVE BEEN PUT TOGETHER
AND POSTED YESTERDAY
EVENING...

...MY COPY OF
YESTERDAY'S *TIMES*,
SHOULD CONFIRM THE
POINT.

JUST AS I THOUGHT!
THOSE WORDS HAVE BEEN
CUT FROM *THE TIMES*'
LEADING ARTICLE. THE
TYPEFACE IS ENTIRELY
DISTINCTIVE!

BUT WHY WAS THE
WORD 'MOOR'
WRITTEN BY HAND?

BECAUSE THE WRITER
COULDN'T FIND IT IN THE
PAPER! THE OTHER WORDS
ARE QUITE COMMON.

WELL, IF THAT
ISN'T SMART!

THEY USED A PAIR
OF NAIL-SCISSORS.
YOU'LL NOTICE THEY TOOK TWO
SNIPS TO CUT OUT 'KEEP AWAY'
SO THE BLADES MUST HAVE BEEN
VERY SHORT!

THE FACT THEY DIDN'T USE
INDIVIDUAL LETTERS INSTEAD
INDICATES THEY WERE IN A HURRY, AS
DOES THE HAND-WRITTEN ENVELOPE.
PERHAPS THEY WERE AFRAID OF
BEING INTERRUPTED?



THE HANDWRITING IS POOR, YET *THE TIMES* IS A PAPER SELDOM READ BY ANYONE WHO ISN'T HIGHLY EDUCATED.

THEREFORE WE CAN TAKE IT THAT THE WRITER WAS AN EDUCATED MAN, POSING AS AN UNEDUCATED ONE.

HIS EFFORT TO CONCEAL HIS OWN HANDWRITING SUGGESTS THAT IT MIGHT BE KNOWN, OR COME TO BE KNOWN, BY YOU!

ALSO, THE INK HAS RUN DRY THREE TIMES IN WRITING THE ADDRESS. A POORLY-FILLED INK BOTTLE IS COMMON IN HOTEL ROOMS, WHEREAS ONE IN A HOME IS RARELY LEFT IN SUCH A STATE.

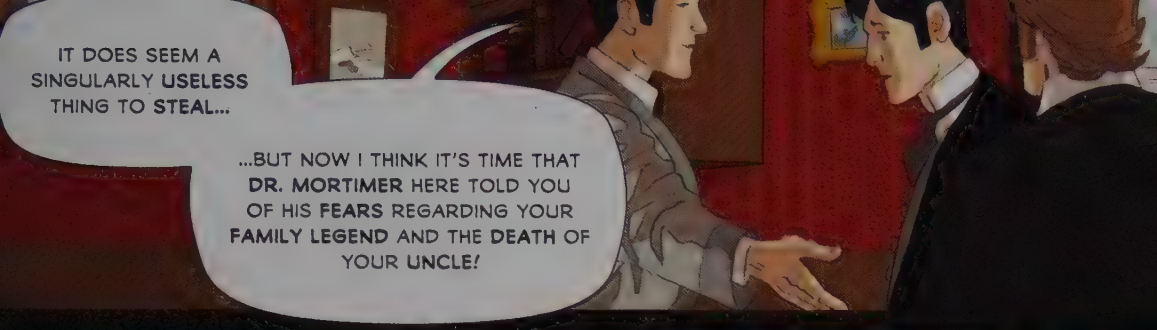


SIR HENRY, HAS ANYTHING ELSE OF INTEREST HAPPENED TO YOU SINCE YOU'VE BEEN IN LONDON?

I LEFT THEM BOTH OUTSIDE MY HOTEL ROOM LAST NIGHT TO BE CLEANED. BUT THERE WAS ONLY ONE THERE IN THE MORNING!

WELL, IT'S NOTHING REALLY, BUT ONE OF MY BOOTS HAS GONE MISSING!

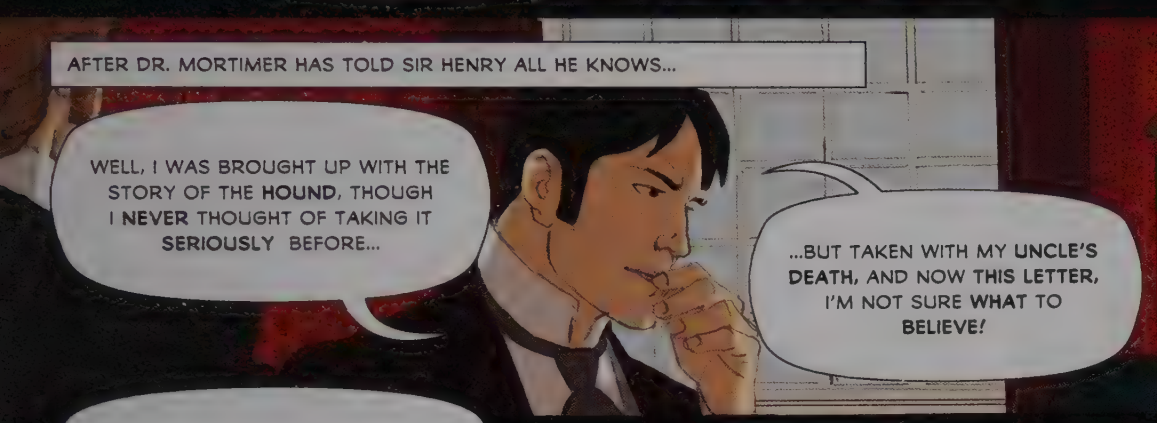
THEY WERE BRAND NEW TOO - NEVER WORN. I ONLY PUT THEM OUT FOR AN EXTRA POLISH!



IT DOES SEEM A
SINGULARLY USELESS
THING TO STEAL...

...BUT NOW I THINK IT'S TIME THAT
DR. MORTIMER HERE TOLD YOU
OF HIS FEARS REGARDING YOUR
FAMILY LEGEND AND THE DEATH OF
YOUR UNCLE!

AFTER DR. MORTIMER HAS TOLD SIR HENRY ALL HE KNOWS...



WELL, I WAS BROUGHT UP WITH THE
STORY OF THE HOUND, THOUGH
I NEVER THOUGHT OF TAKING IT
SERIOUSLY BEFORE...

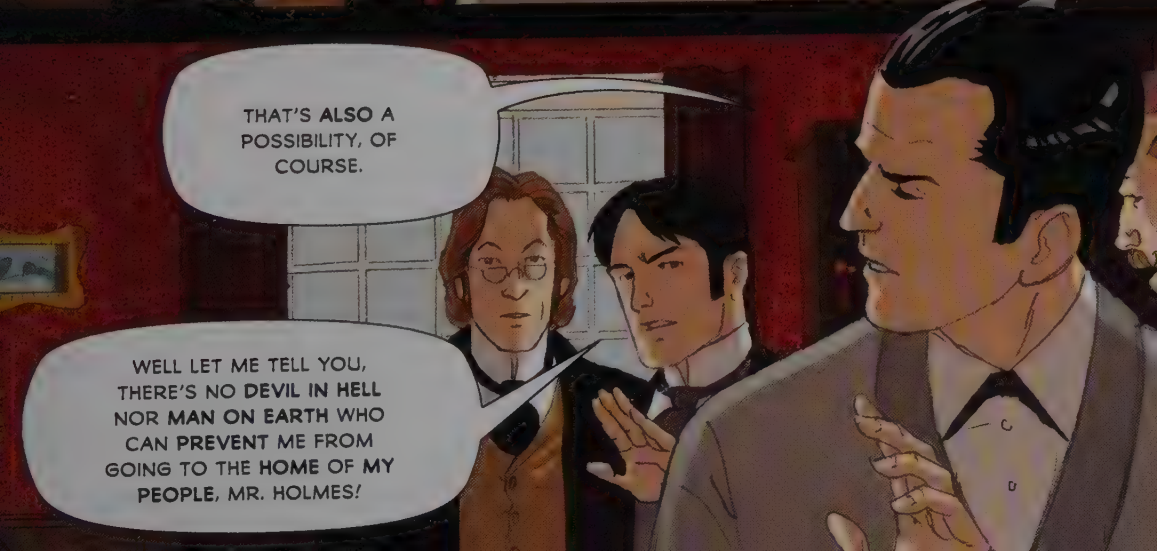
...BUT TAKEN WITH MY UNCLE'S
DEATH, AND NOW THIS LETTER,
I'M NOT SURE WHAT TO
BELIEVE!



THE LETTER SEEMS TO SHOW
THAT SOMEONE KNOWS MORE
ABOUT THE GOINGS ON UPON
THE MOOR THAN WE DO!

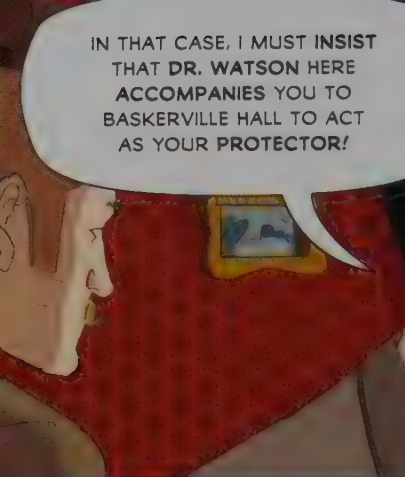
AND THAT SOMEONE WISHES
SIR HENRY WELL, SINCE THEY
WARN HIM OF DANGER!

UNLESS THEY'RE JUST
TRYING TO SCARE ME
AWAY?



THAT'S ALSO A
POSSIBILITY, OF
COURSE.

WELL LET ME TELL YOU,
THERE'S NO DEVIL IN HELL
NOR MAN ON EARTH WHO
CAN PREVENT ME FROM
GOING TO THE HOME OF MY
PEOPLE, MR. HOLMES!



IN THAT CASE, I MUST INSIST
THAT DR. WATSON HERE
ACCOMPANIES YOU TO
BASKERVILLE HALL TO ACT
AS YOUR PROTECTOR!



WON'T YOU JOIN US
TOO, MR. HOLMES?



ALAS, I'M IN THE MIDDLE OF A
BLACKMAIL CASE THAT REQUIRES
MY ATTENTION HERE IN LONDON!
I WILL COME DOWN WHEN I CAN.

VERY WELL. WE SHALL ALL
TAKE THE 10:30 TRAIN FROM
PADDINGTON ON SATURDAY
MORNING IF THAT'S
CONVENIENT, DOCTOR?



YES OF COURSE!

LET'S WALK BACK TO MY
HOTEL, DR. MORTIMER.
I FEEL THE NEED OF FRESH
AIR AND A BRISK STROLL.



SECONDS AFTER SIR HENRY AND
DR. MORTIMER HAVE LEFT...

QUICKLY, WATSON - GRAB
YOUR COAT! NOW'S OUR
CHANCE TO TEST A THEORY
OF MINE!

WHAT THEORY?



THAT SIR HENRY HAS BEEN
FOLLOWED FROM THE
MOMENT HE ARRIVED IN
LONDON. COME!

KEEPING A DISCREET DISTANCE, HOLMES AND WATSON FOLLOW SIR HENRY AND DR. MORTIMER THROUGH THE BUSTLING STREETS UNTIL...

THERE'S OUR MAN IN THAT CAB,
WATSON! HE'S BEEN KEEPING
JUST BEHIND OUR FRIENDS FOR
FIVE MINUTES...

...LET'S TAKE A LOOK
AT HIM!

THE PAIR CATCH THE BRIEFEST GLIMPSE
OF THE MAN IN THE CAB....



...BEFORE HE REALIZES HE'S BEEN SEEN!



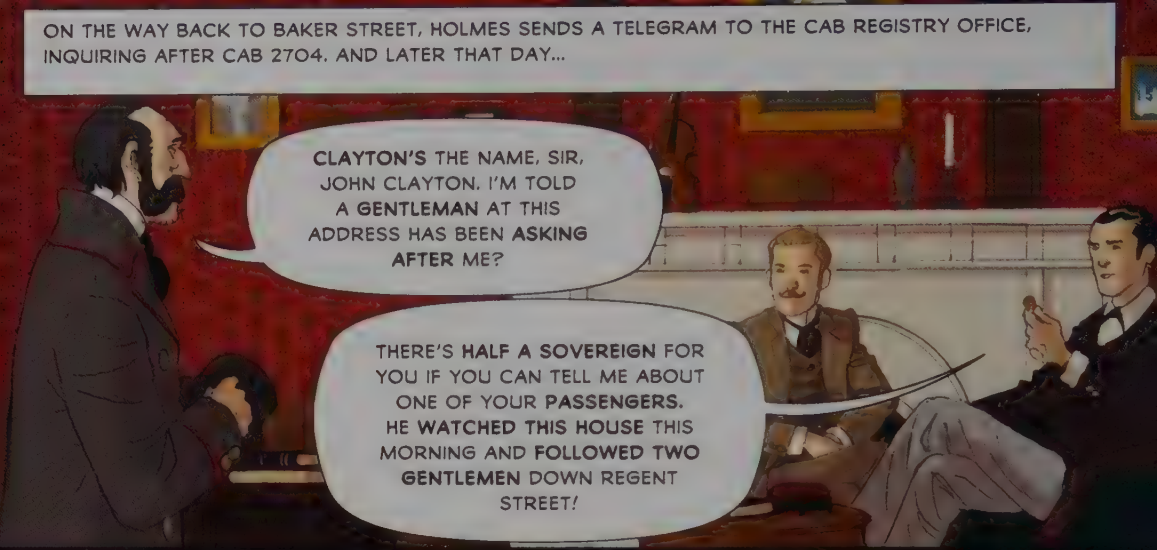
AFTER AN URGENT CRY FROM THE MAN TO HIS DRIVER,
THE CAB HURTLES AWAY DOWN THE STREET...

SHALL WE HAIL A
CAB AND FOLLOW?

WE'D NEVER CATCH
HIM NOW, WATSON.
AT LEAST WE HAVE THE
CAB NUMBER - 2704!



ON THE WAY BACK TO BAKER STREET, HOLMES SENDS A TELEGRAM TO THE CAB REGISTRY OFFICE, INQUIRING AFTER CAB 2704. AND LATER THAT DAY...



CLAYTON'S THE NAME, SIR,
JOHN CLAYTON. I'M TOLD
A GENTLEMAN AT THIS
ADDRESS HAS BEEN ASKING
AFTER ME?

THERE'S HALF A SOVEREIGN FOR
YOU IF YOU CAN TELL ME ABOUT
ONE OF YOUR PASSENGERS.
HE WATCHED THIS HOUSE THIS
MORNING AND FOLLOWED TWO
GENTLEMEN DOWN REGENT
STREET!



WELL, HE HAILED ME IN TRAFALGAR
SQUARE. THEN WE DROVE TO THE
NORTHUMBERLAND HOTEL AND
FOLLOWED TWO GENTS HERE.

WHEN THEY LEFT, WE FOLLOWED
THEM TO REGENT STREET.
THEN MY PASSENGER TOLD ME TO
DRIVE TO WATERLOO STATION AS
FAST AS I COULD. THAT'S WHERE I
DROPPED HIM.



WHAT CAN YOU
TELL US ABOUT
HIM?

HE WAS ABOUT FORTY,
MIDDLE HEIGHT, DRESSED
LIKE A TOFF, WITH A DARK,
SQUARE-CUT BEARD!

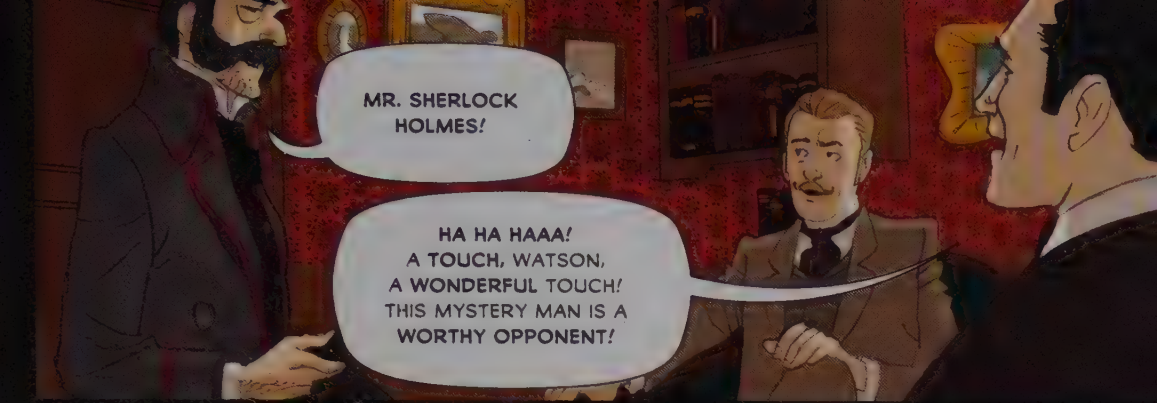


ANYTHING ELSE?

ONLY HIS NAME, SIR.
HE SAID IT MIGHT INTEREST
ME TO KNOW WHO I'D BEEN
DRIVING!



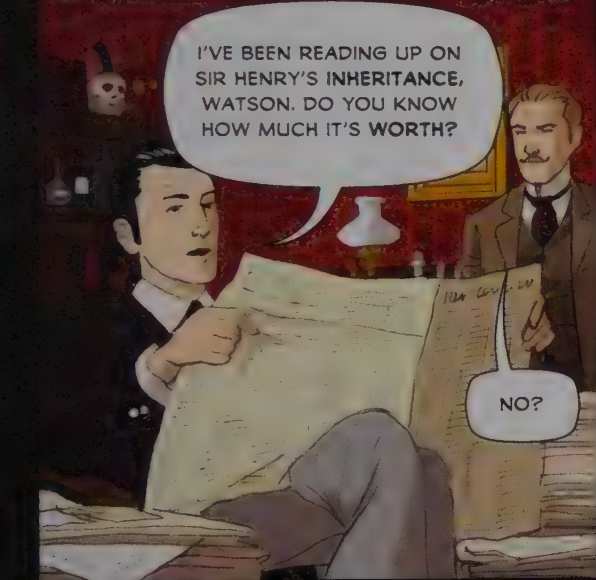
THAT WAS CARELESS
OF HIM. AND WHAT
WAS HIS NAME?



MR. SHERLOCK
HOLMES!

HA HA HAAA!
A TOUCH, WATSON,
A WONDERFUL TOUCH!
THIS MYSTERY MAN IS A
WORTHY OPPONENT!

WATSON SEES THE CABMAN OUT AND
RETURNS TO FIND HOLMES CONSULTING HIS
NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE...



I'VE BEEN READING UP ON
SIR HENRY'S INHERITANCE,
WATSON. DO YOU KNOW
HOW MUCH IT'S WORTH?

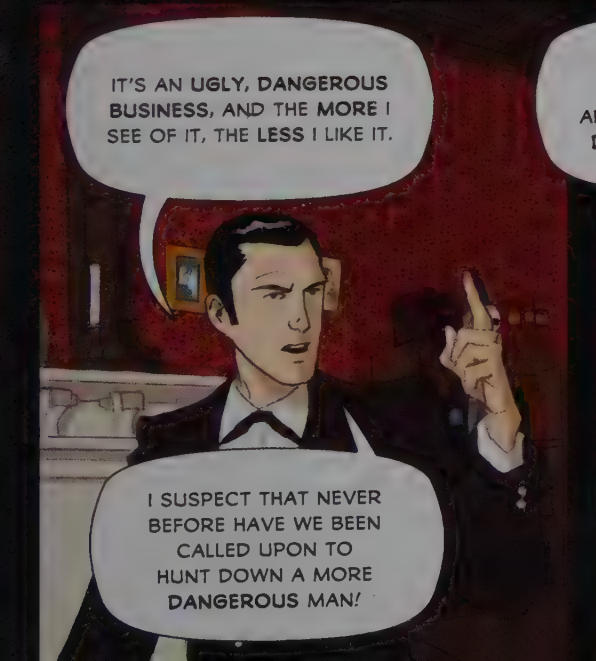
NO?



SEVEN HUNDRED AND
FORTY THOUSAND
POUNDS!

GREAT
SCOTT!

IT'S A STAKE FOR WHICH
A MAN MIGHT PLAY A
DANGEROUS GAME!

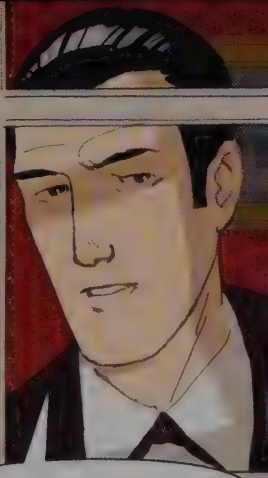


IT'S AN UGLY, DANGEROUS
BUSINESS, AND THE MORE I
SEE OF IT, THE LESS I LIKE IT.

I SUSPECT THAT NEVER
BEFORE HAVE WE BEEN
CALLED UPON TO
HUNT DOWN A MORE
DANGEROUS MAN!



I MUST SAY, I'M NOT
EASY IN MY MIND
ABOUT SENDING YOU TO
DARTMOOR, WATSON.



I SHALL BE VERY GLAD TO
HAVE YOU BACK, SAFE AND
SOUND, IN BAKER STREET
ONCE MORE!

TWO DAYS LATER, HOLMES TAKES WATSON TO PADDINGTON STATION, WHERE SIR HENRY AND DR. MORTIMER ARE WAITING...

I TRUST NOTHING
UNTOWARD HAS HAPPENED
TO YOU SINCE WE LAST
MET, SIR HENRY?

ONLY THE **ODDEST** THING,
MR. HOLMES. MY MISSING
BROWN BOOT WAS
RETURNED IN THE NIGHT...

...BUT AN OLD, BLACK
BOOT I'D LEFT OUT FOR
CLEANING WAS **STOLEN** -
JUST AS BEFORE!

THAT'S MOST
INTERESTING!

WHILE SIR HENRY AND DR. MORTIMER BOARD THE TRAIN,
HOLMES TAKES WATSON ASIDE...

WRITE TO ME EVERY
DAY WITH UPDATES,
WATSON!

WHEN A CRISIS COMES,
AS IT WILL DO,
I'LL TELL YOU HOW TO ACT.
LEAVE ALL THE
THEORIZING TO ME!

AS THE TRAIN DEPARTS...

GOODBYE GENTLEMEN, AND
I BEG YOU, SIR HENRY, DO
NOT GO ABOUT THE MOOR
ON YOUR OWN, ESPECIALLY
AFTER DARK...

SOME GREAT
MISFORTUNE WILL BEFALL
YOU IF YOU DO!

WATSON AND HIS NEW FRIENDS TRAVEL SOUTHWEST, OUT OF LONDON...



FOUR HOURS LATER, THEY ARRIVE AT GRIMPEN STATION, WHERE A COACHMAN IS WAITING TO TAKE THEM TO THE HALL...



AS THEY MAKE THEIR WAY THROUGH THE DESOLATE MOORLAND...

WHAT ARE THOSE
UNIFORMED MEN DOING?

THEY'RE AFTER AN
ESCAPED CONVICT
FROM THE PRISON, SIR -
NAME OF SELDEN!

THE NOTTING HILL
MURDERER? I REMEMBER
THE CASE. THERE WAS
SOME DOUBT AS TO HIS
SANITY, I RECALL.

IT SEEMS IT'S NOT
JUST THE INFAMOUS
HOUND I SHALL HAVE
TO WORRY ABOUT!



THEN, AT LAST....

BASKERVILLE HALL,
GENTLEMEN!







WELCOME TO
BASKERVILLE HALL,
SIR HENRY!

MY NAME IS
BARRYMORE, SIR, AND
THIS IS MY WIFE.



AS DR. MORTIMER IS DRIVEN HOME, BARRYMORE LEADS SIR HENRY
AND WATSON INSIDE...

IT'S JUST AS I
IMAGINED IT!

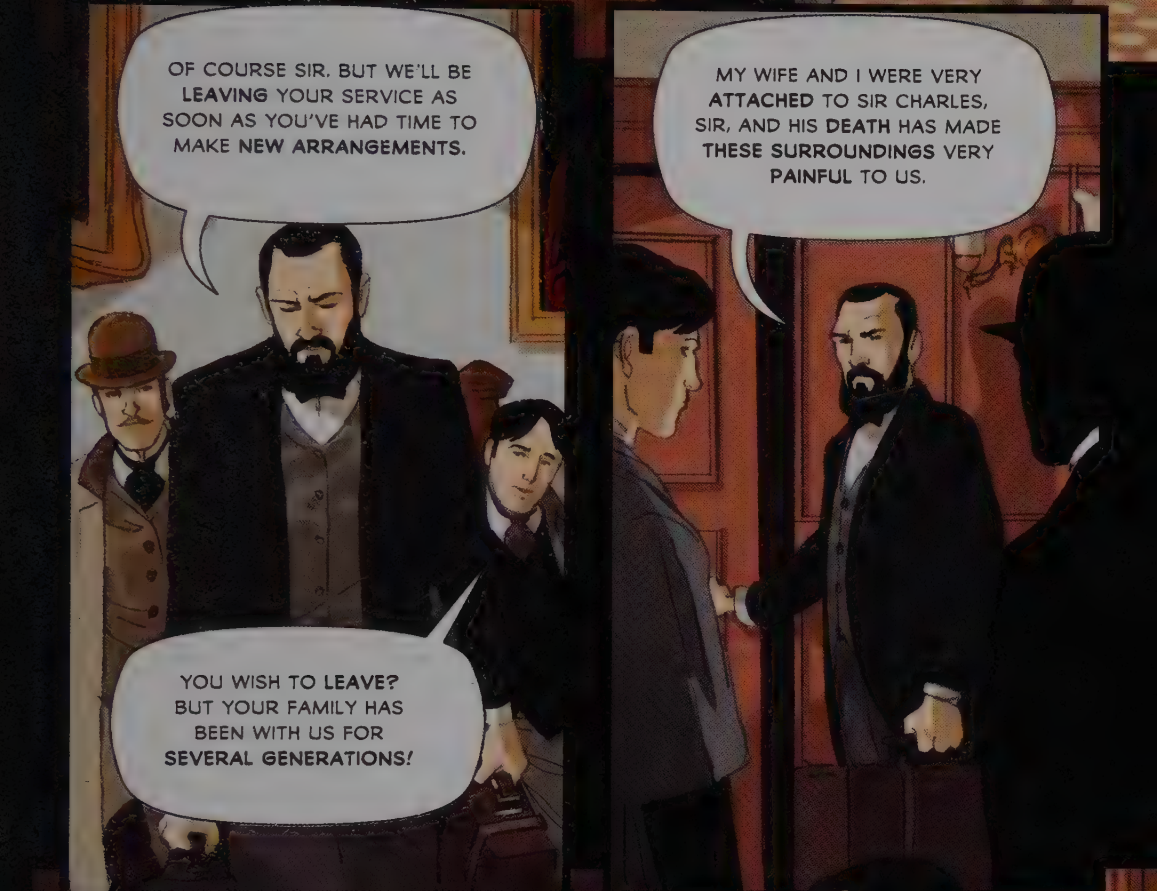
ISN'T IT JUST THE
VERY PICTURE OF AN
OLD FAMILY HOME,
DR. WATSON?

TO THINK THAT THIS IS
THE SAME HALL THAT
GENERATIONS OF MY
FAMILY HAVE LIVED IN FOR
FIVE HUNDRED YEARS!



I'LL SHOW YOU TO YOUR
ROOMS, GENTLEMEN.

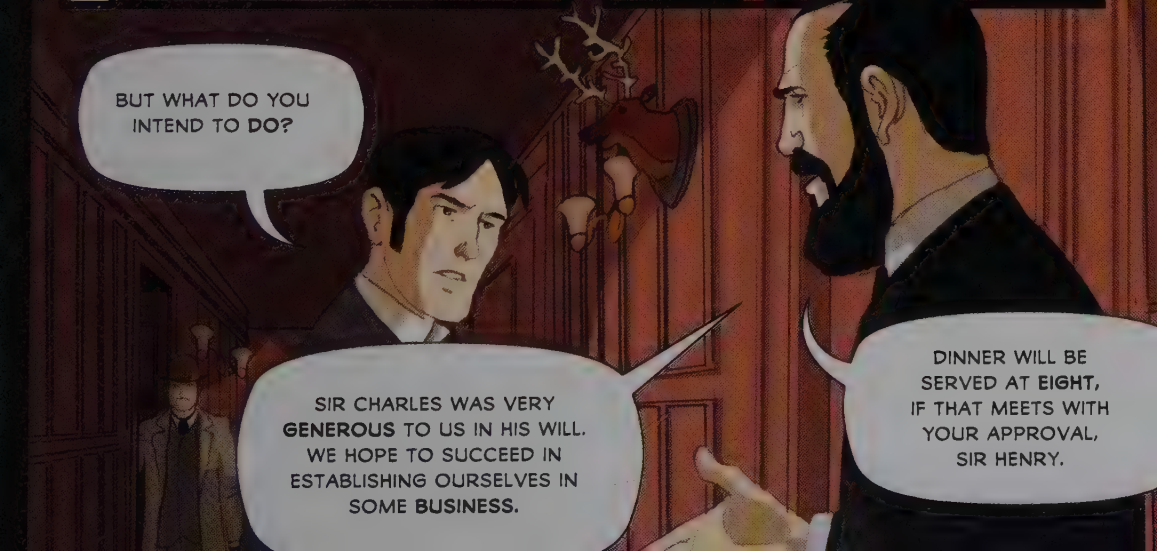
THANK YOU, BARRYMORE.
I'LL NEED YOUR HELP, AND THAT
OF YOUR WIFE, TO FIND MY
WAY AROUND TO BEGIN WITH.



OF COURSE SIR. BUT WE'LL BE
LEAVING YOUR SERVICE AS
SOON AS YOU'VE HAD TIME TO
MAKE NEW ARRANGEMENTS.

YOU WISH TO LEAVE?
BUT YOUR FAMILY HAS
BEEN WITH US FOR
SEVERAL GENERATIONS!

MY WIFE AND I WERE VERY
ATTACHED TO SIR CHARLES,
SIR, AND HIS DEATH HAS MADE
THESE SURROUNDINGS VERY
PAINFUL TO US.



BUT WHAT DO YOU
INTEND TO DO?

SIR CHARLES WAS VERY
GENEROUS TO US IN HIS WILL.
WE HOPE TO SUCCEED IN
ESTABLISHING OURSELVES IN
SOME BUSINESS.

DINNER WILL BE
SERVED AT EIGHT,
IF THAT MEETS WITH
YOUR APPROVAL,
SIR HENRY.

THAT EVENING...

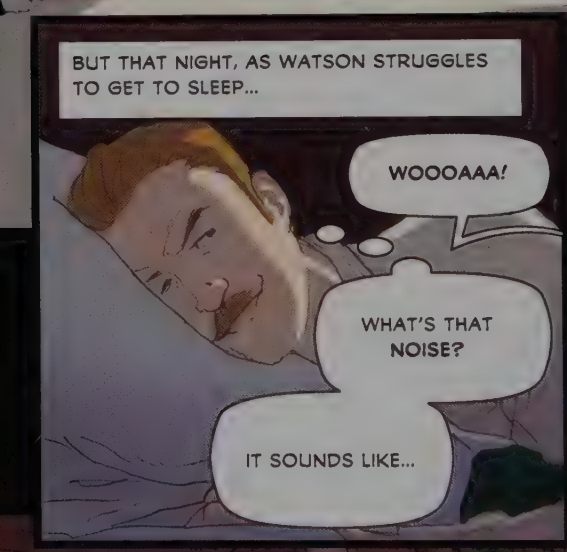


IT MUST BE A **STRANGE** SENSATION TO DINE WITH ALL YOUR **ANCESTORS** LOOKING DOWN ON YOU, SIR HENRY!

I MUST SAY THE PLACE COULD DO WITH SOME **ELECTRIC LAMPS**. NO WONDER MY **UNCLE** GOT A LITTLE **JUMPY** LIVING ALONE HERE!

PERHAPS THINGS WILL SEEM MORE **HOMELY** IN THE MORNING?

BUT THAT NIGHT, AS WATSON STRUGGLES TO GET TO SLEEP...



WOOOAAA!

WHAT'S THAT NOISE?

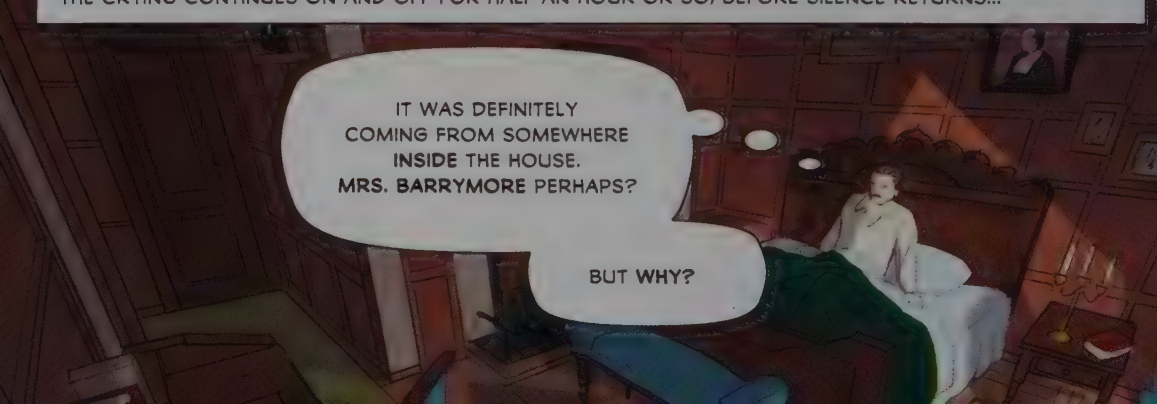
IT SOUNDS LIKE...



WOOOAAA! SOB!
WAAAAAH!

CRYING!
A WOMAN
CRYING!

THE CRYING CONTINUES ON AND OFF FOR HALF AN HOUR OR SO, BEFORE SILENCE RETURNS...



IT WAS DEFINITELY COMING FROM SOMEWHERE INSIDE THE HOUSE.
MRS. BARRYMORE PERHAPS?

BUT WHY?

THE NEXT MORNING...

I MUST SAY THE PLACE LOOKS MORE CHEERFUL IN DAYLIGHT, DOCTOR.

YES. ALTHOUGH PERHAPS THE SINISTER ASPECT WASN'T PURELY YOUR IMAGINATION. DID YOU HEAR A WOMAN SOBBING IN THE NIGHT?

I HALF HEARD SOMETHING OF THE SORT. I THOUGHT IT MUST HAVE BEEN A DREAM!

WHEN BARRYMORE ENTERS, SIR HENRY QUIZZES HIM...

THERE ARE ONLY TWO WOMEN IN THE HOUSE, SIR - THE SCULLERY MAID WHO SLEEPS IN THE OTHER WING, AND MRS. BARRYMORE...

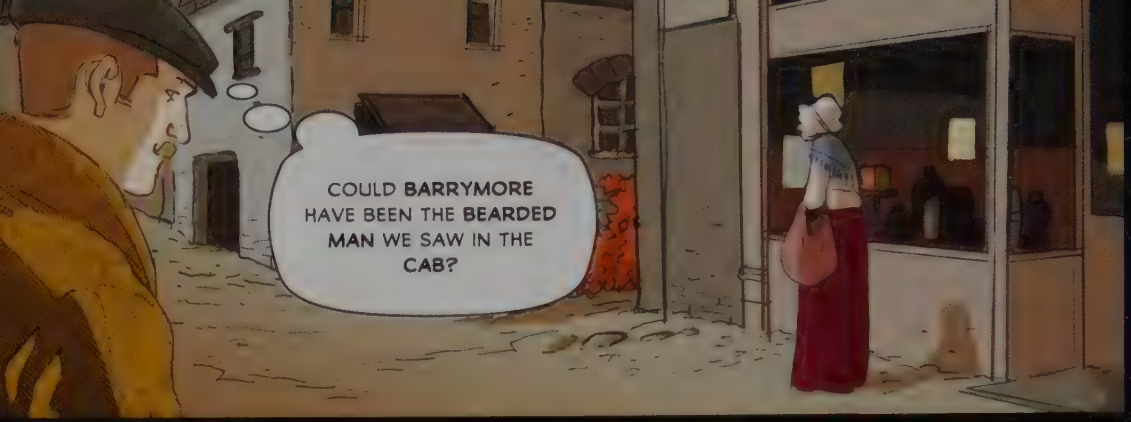
...AND I CAN ASSURE YOU, IT WASN'T MY WIFE!

AFTER BREAKFAST, WATSON WALKS TO THE VILLAGE TO POST HIS FIRST REPORT TO HOLMES...

Post Office

GENERAL JOHN

WAS BARRYMORE TELLING THE TRUTH I WONDER?



COULD BARRYMORE
HAVE BEEN THE BEARDED
MAN WE SAW IN THE
CAB?



IF SO, WAS HE SOMEHOW
RESPONSIBLE FOR SIR
CHARLES' DEATH?



WELL, I'VE GIVEN HOLMES
THE FACTS. I ONLY HOPE
HE CAN MAKE SOMETHING
OF THEM.



WATSON'S THOUGHTS ARE INTERRUPTED BY A SHOUT BEHIND HIM...

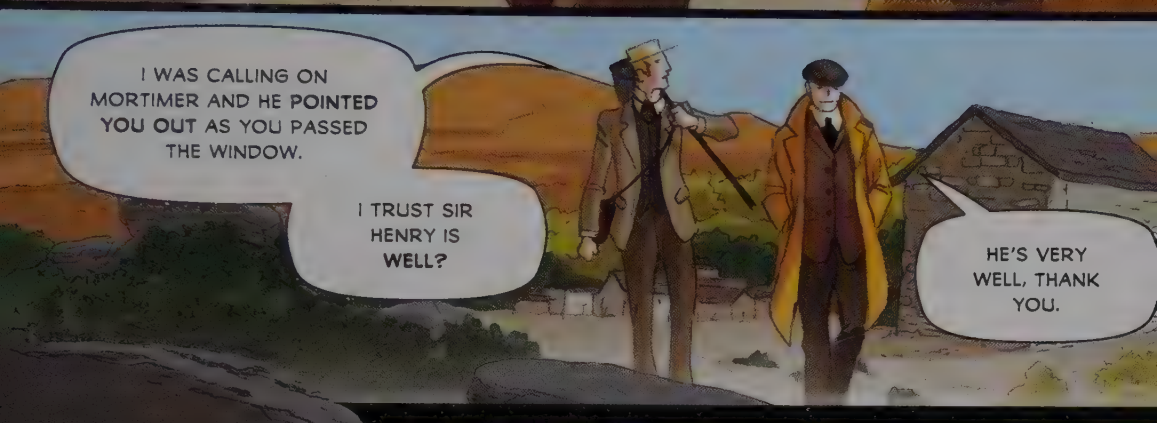
DR. WATSON!

A man in a brown suit and straw hat (Mr. Stapleton) is talking to a man in a brown coat and cap (Dr. Mortimer) on a cobblestone street in a village. In the background, there are stone houses and a stone wall.

FORGIVE ME, DOCTOR, BUT
WE HOMELY MOOR FOLK
DON'T WAIT FOR A FORMAL
INTRODUCTION...

...YOU'VE POSSIBLY HEARD MY
NAME FROM OUR MUTUAL
FRIEND, DR. MORTIMER.
I'M STAPLETON, OF MERRYPIE
HOUSE.

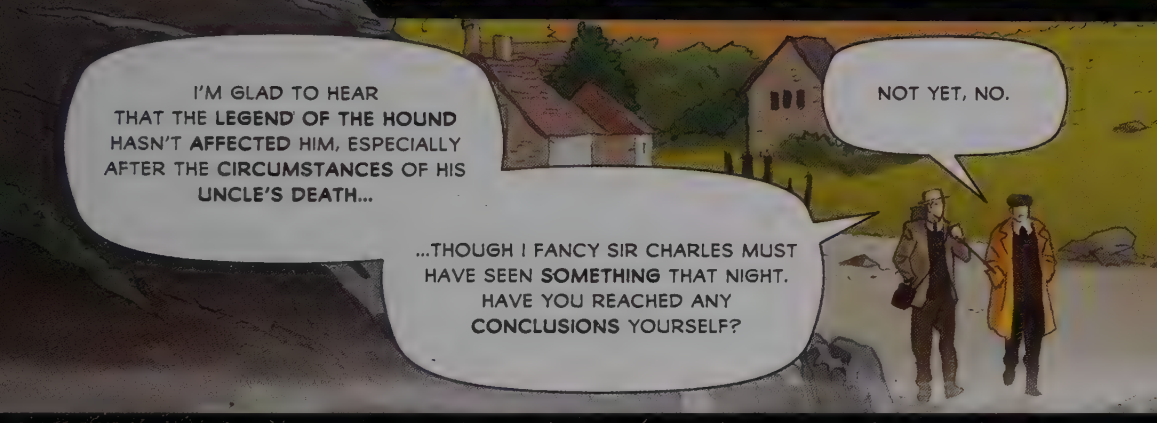
HOW DO YOU DO,
MR. STAPLETON!
BUT HOW DID YOU
RECOGNIZE ME?

The two men are walking away from the camera down a dirt path. Mr. Stapleton is on the left, still in his brown suit and hat, and Dr. Mortimer is on the right, wearing a yellow raincoat over his brown suit and cap.

I WAS CALLING ON
MORTIMER AND HE POINTED
YOU OUT AS YOU PASSED
THE WINDOW.

I TRUST SIR
HENRY IS
WELL?

HE'S VERY
WELL, THANK
YOU.

The two men are walking through a grassy field with some trees and houses in the background. Mr. Stapleton is on the left, and Dr. Mortimer is on the right.

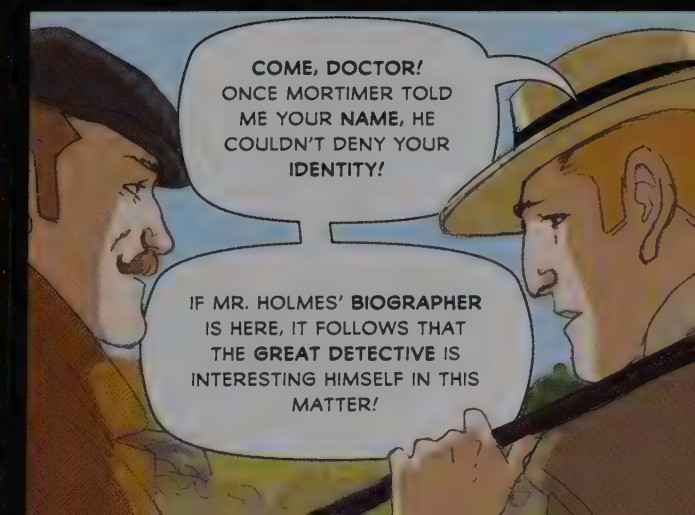
I'M GLAD TO HEAR
THAT THE LEGEND OF THE HOUND
HASN'T AFFECTED HIM, ESPECIALLY
AFTER THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF HIS
UNCLE'S DEATH...

NOT YET, NO.

...THOUGH I FANCY SIR CHARLES MUST
HAVE SEEN **SOMETHING** THAT NIGHT.
HAVE YOU REACHED ANY
CONCLUSIONS YOURSELF?

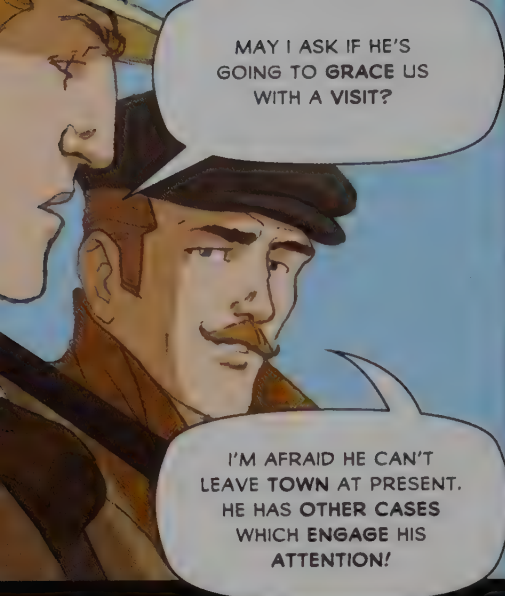
A close-up of the two men's faces. Mr. Stapleton is on the left, looking towards Dr. Mortimer on the right.

...AND HAS
MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES?

A close-up of the two men's faces. Dr. Mortimer is on the left, looking towards Mr. Stapleton on the right.

COME, DOCTOR!
ONCE MORTIMER TOLD
ME YOUR NAME, HE
COULDN'T DENY YOUR
IDENTITY!

IF MR. HOLMES' BIOGRAPHER
IS HERE, IT FOLLOWS THAT
THE **GREAT DETECTIVE** IS
INTERESTING HIMSELF IN THIS
MATTER!



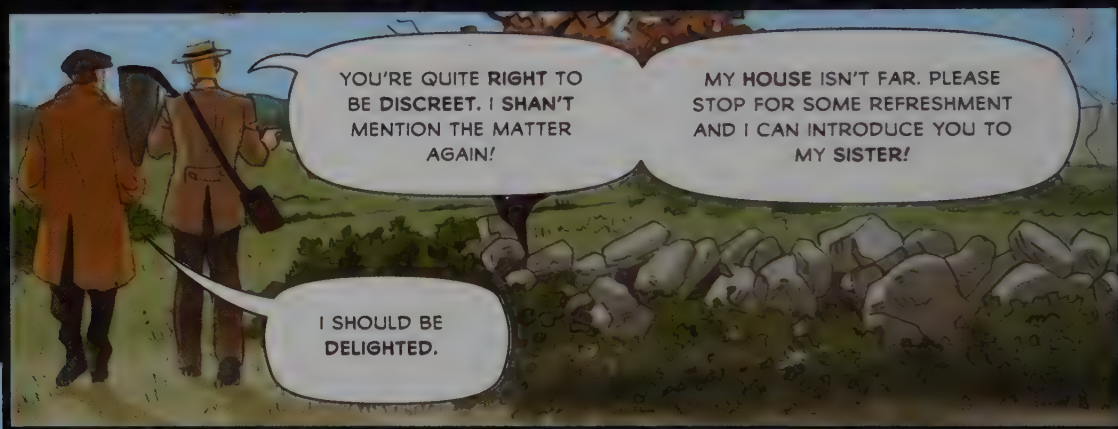
MAY I ASK IF HE'S
GOING TO GRACE US
WITH A VISIT?

I'M AFRAID HE CAN'T
LEAVE TOWN AT PRESENT.
HE HAS OTHER CASES
WHICH ENGAGE HIS
ATTENTION!



WELL IF I CAN BE OF
ANY ASSISTANCE IN THE
CASE, PLEASE LET ME
KNOW.

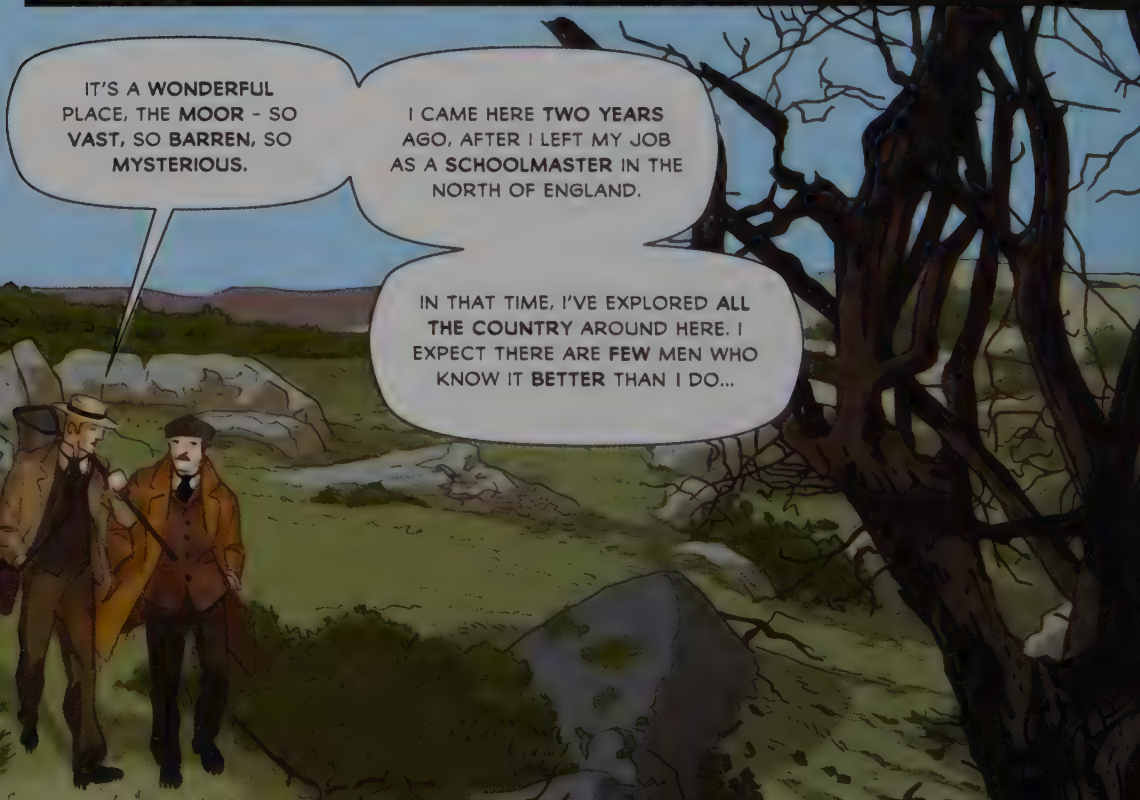
I'M SIMPLY HERE TO VISIT
MY FRIEND SIR HENRY.
I NEED NO HELP OF ANY
KIND!



YOU'RE QUITE RIGHT TO
BE DISCREET. I SHAN'T
MENTION THE MATTER
AGAIN!

MY HOUSE ISN'T FAR. PLEASE
STOP FOR SOME REFRESHMENT
AND I CAN INTRODUCE YOU TO
MY SISTER!

I SHOULD BE
DELIGHTED.



IT'S A WONDERFUL
PLACE, THE MOOR - SO
VAST, SO BARREN, SO
MYSTERIOUS.

I CAME HERE TWO YEARS
AGO, AFTER I LEFT MY JOB
AS A SCHOOLMASTER IN THE
NORTH OF ENGLAND.

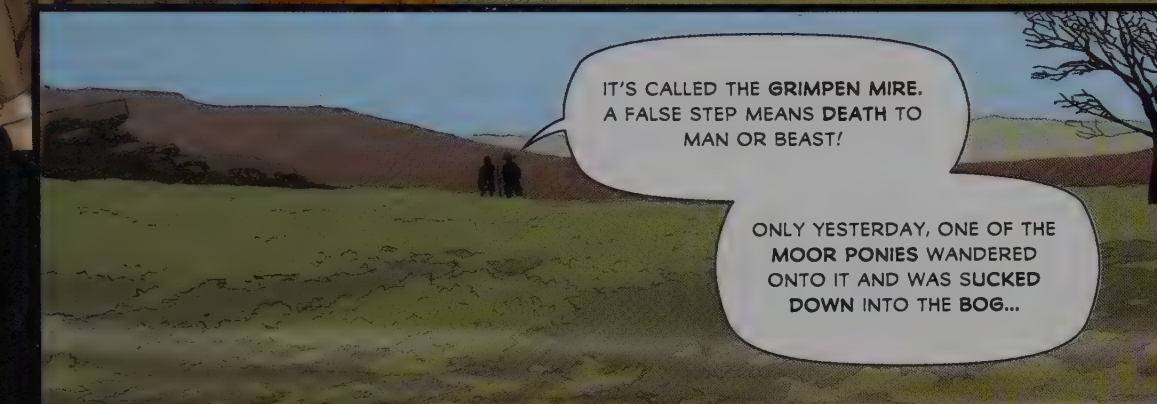
IN THAT TIME, I'VE EXPLORED ALL
THE COUNTRY AROUND HERE. I
EXPECT THERE ARE FEW MEN WHO
KNOW IT BETTER THAN I DO...



...YOU SEE THAT GREAT PLAIN TO THE NORTH?

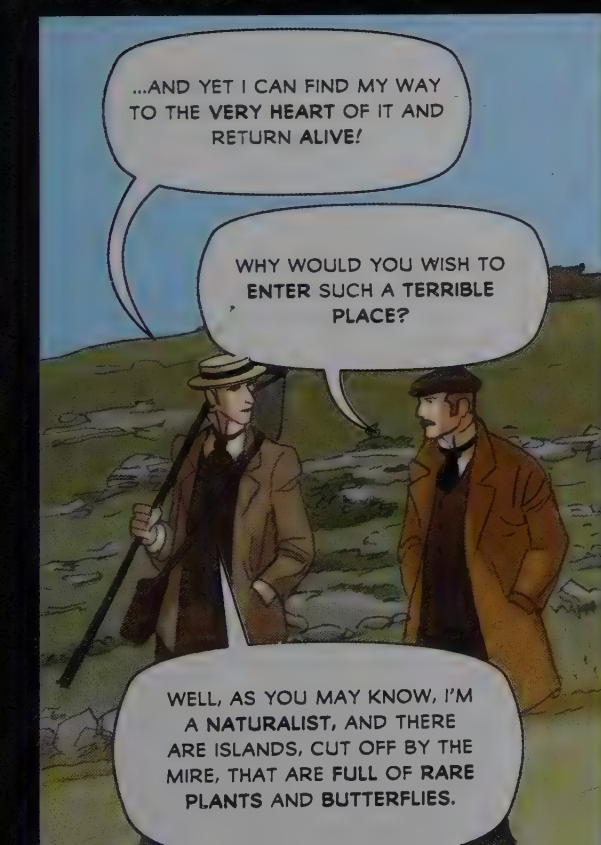
IT WOULD MAKE A GOOD PLACE FOR A GALLOP!

THAT THOUGHT HAS COST FOLK THEIR LIVES BEFORE NOW!



IT'S CALLED THE GRIMPEN MIRE. A FALSE STEP MEANS DEATH TO MAN OR BEAST!

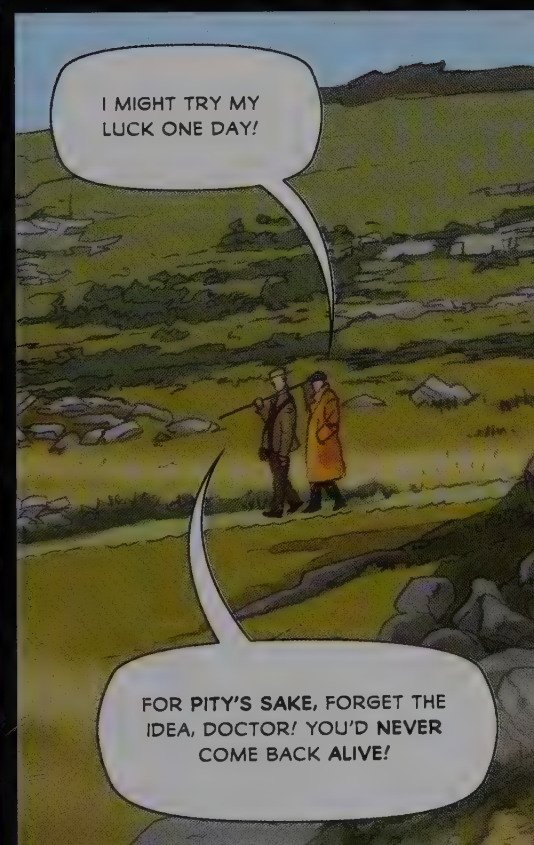
ONLY YESTERDAY, ONE OF THE MOOR PONIES WANDERED ONTO IT AND WAS SUCKED DOWN INTO THE BOG...



...AND YET I CAN FIND MY WAY TO THE VERY HEART OF IT AND RETURN ALIVE!

WHY WOULD YOU WISH TO ENTER SUCH A TERRIBLE PLACE?

WELL, AS YOU MAY KNOW, I'M A NATURALIST, AND THERE ARE ISLANDS, CUT OFF BY THE MIRE, THAT ARE FULL OF RARE PLANTS AND BUTTERFLIES.



I MIGHT TRY MY LUCK ONE DAY!

FOR PITY'S SAKE, FORGET THE IDEA, DOCTOR! YOU'D NEVER COME BACK ALIVE!

HOOOOWWWWWWLLL!

WHAT WAS THAT?

SOME LOCALS SAY IT'S THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES CALLING FOR ITS PREY...

YES, THE MOOR IS AN UNCANNY PLACE.

FOR EXAMPLE, THOSE STONE HUTS ON THE HILLSIDE ARE THE REMAINS OF DWELLINGS BUILT BY PREHISTORIC MAN, AND...

...I MYSELF BELIEVE IT TO BE THE CRY OF THE BITTERN, A VERY RARE BIRD, PRACTICALLY EXTINCT IN ENGLAND NOW.

...OH, EXCUSE ME, AN INSTANT! THAT LOOKS LIKE CYCLOPIDES!



AS THE BUTTERFLY HUNTER DISAPPEARS FROM VIEW...



GO BACK! GO STRAIGHT
BACK TO LONDON,
INSTANTLY!



BUT WHY?

I CAN'T EXPLAIN! BUT FOR YOUR
OWN SAKE DO WHAT I ASK.
GO BACK AND NEVER SET FOOT
ON THE MOOR AGAIN!



I'VE ONLY JUST
ARRIVED!

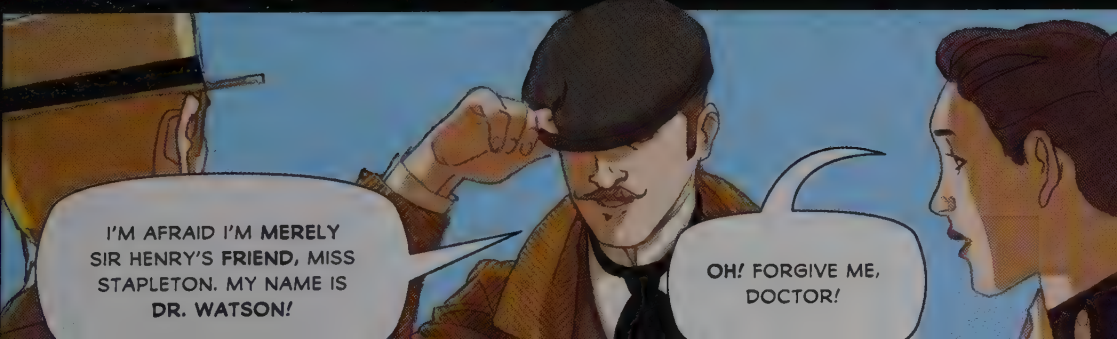
THIS WARNING IS FOR YOUR OWN
GOOD! GET AWAY FROM THIS
PLACE AT ALL COSTS...

...SSSH, MY BROTHER IS
RETURNING. NOT A WORD
OF WHAT I'VE SAID...



AH, BERYL. I SEE
YOU'VE INTRODUCED
YOURSELF!

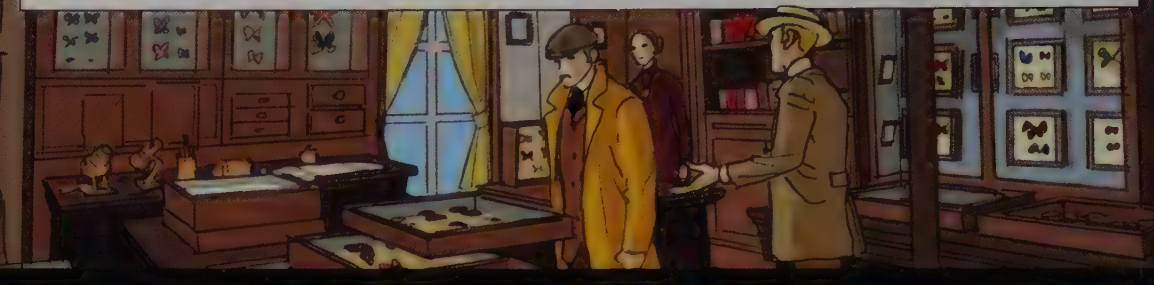
YES, JACK. I WAS JUST TELLING
SIR HENRY THAT IT'S RATHER LATE
IN THE YEAR TO SEE THE MOOR IN
ITS FULL BEAUTY!



I'M AFRAID I'M MERELY
SIR HENRY'S FRIEND, MISS
STAPLETON. MY NAME IS
DR. WATSON!

OH! FORGIVE ME,
DOCTOR!

WATSON SPENDS THE NEXT HOUR IN THE COMPANY OF STAPLETON AND HIS BUTTERFLY COLLECTION...



...AND IS HEADING BACK TOWARDS THE HALL, WHEN...



I RAN ALL THE WAY TO CUT YOU OFF, DR. WATSON.

I CAN'T STOP LONG OR MY BROTHER WILL MISS ME...

...I'M SORRY I MISTOOK YOU FOR SIR HENRY. PLEASE FORGET WHAT I SAID EARLIER!



BUT I CAN'T FORGET IT! SIR HENRY'S MY FRIEND AND HIS SAFETY IS IMPORTANT TO ME!

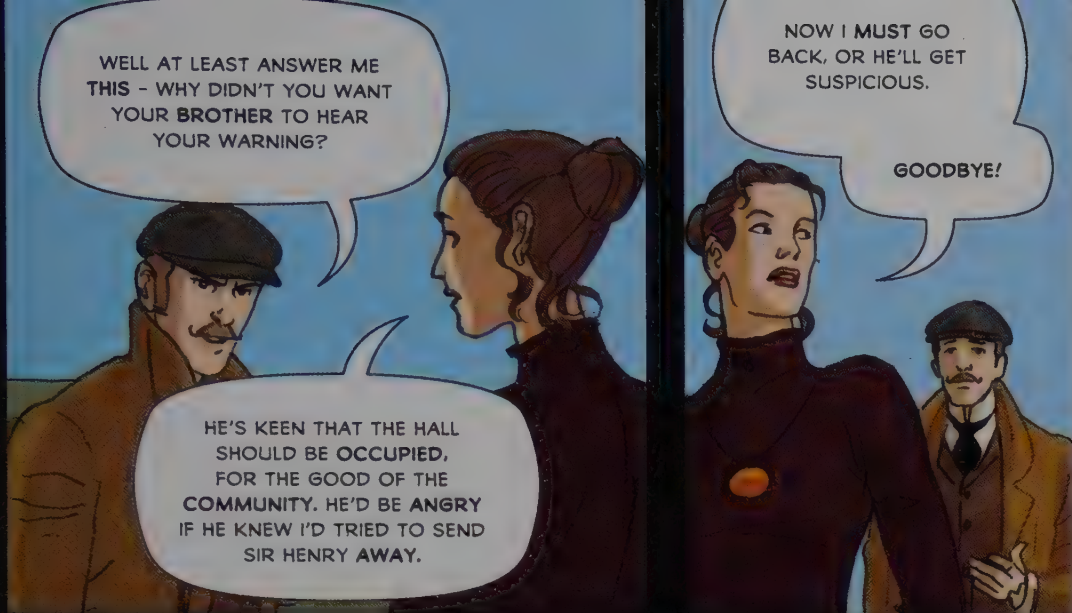


IT'S JUST THAT I TRULY BELIEVE THE LEGEND OF THE HOUND! PLEASE TAKE SIR HENRY AWAY FROM A PLACE THAT'S ALWAYS BEEN FATAL TO HIS FAMILY!

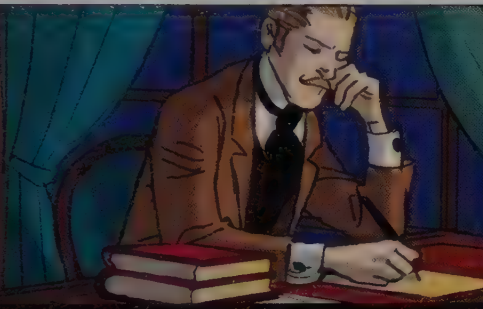
UNLESS YOU CAN GIVE ME MORE DEFINITE INFORMATION, IT WILL BE IMPOSSIBLE TO GET SIR HENRY TO LEAVE!



I CAN'T SAY ANYTHING DEFINITE, FOR I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING DEFINITE!



OVER THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, WATSON CONTINUES HIS REPORTS TO HOLMES.....



The day after our arrival, Sir Henry and I were invited to dine at Merrypit House.

Mr. Frankland was also there, but I must say Sir Henry rather ignored the old fellow. From the moment he saw Miss Stapleton, Sir Henry was transfixed.



Your instructions to me never to allow Sir Henry to go out alone will become rather difficult if a romance develops between them.

WATSON HAS LITTLE FURTHER TO REPORT,
UNTIL TWO WEEKS LATER...

HE IS WOKEN FROM HIS SLEEP BY A CREAK
ON THE LANDING OUTSIDE HIS BEDROOM...

SOMEONE'S
MOVING ABOUT!

HE DECIDES TO INVESTIGATE...

BARRYMORE!

WHAT'S HE
UP TO?

THE BUTLER STANDS
AT A WINDOW FOR
SOME MINUTES...

...BEFORE RETURNING
TO HIS QUARTERS...

THE NEXT MORNING, WATSON TELLS SIR
HENRY OF THE PREVIOUS NIGHT'S EVENTS...

I'VE ALSO HEARD
SOMEONE MOVING
ABOUT IN THE NIGHT!
IT MUST BE HIM!

I WONDER WHAT
THE PURPOSE
OF IT IS?

LET'S FOLLOW HIM
TONIGHT AND FIND
OUT!

YES! I'M SURE
THAT'S WHAT
HOLMES WOULD
SUGGEST IF HE WERE
HERE!



BUT FOR NOW I'M
OFF FOR A WALK
ON THE MOOR.

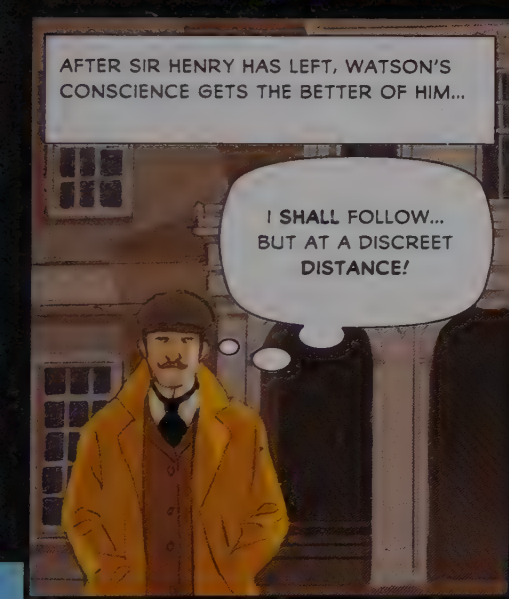
THEN I MUST
ACCOMPANY
YOU, AS HOLMES
INSTRUCTED.



MY DEAR FELLOW, I'M SURE
MR. HOLMES COULDN'T
HAVE FORESEEN CERTAIN
PERSONAL EVENTS THAT
HAVE HAPPENED SINCE I
ARRIVED?

YOU UNDERSTAND ME?
I'M SURE YOU WOULDN'T
WANT TO BE A
SPOILSPORT?

COUGH!
ER, VERY WELL, THEN.
BUT TAKE CARE!



AFTER SIR HENRY HAS LEFT, WATSON'S
CONSCIENCE GETS THE BETTER OF HIM...

I SHALL FOLLOW...
BUT AT A DISCREET
DISTANCE!



WHEN WATSON CATCHES UP WITH SIR HENRY,
HE FINDS THE BARONET HAS COMPANY...

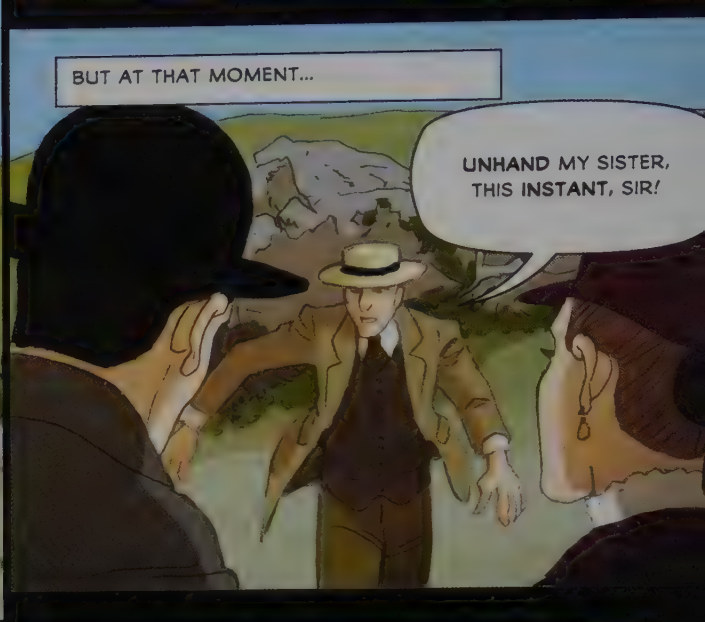


I'M SO GLAD TO SEE
YOU ALONE AT LAST,
MISS STAPLETON!

I'VE GROWN FOND OF YOU
TOO, SIR HENRY, WHICH IS
WHY I BEG YOU TO LEAVE
THIS PLACE. IT'S NOT SAFE!



I COULD NEVER LEAVE
HERE, UNLESS IT WAS WITH
YOU - AS MY WIFE!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT...

UNHAND MY SISTER,
THIS INSTANT, SIR!



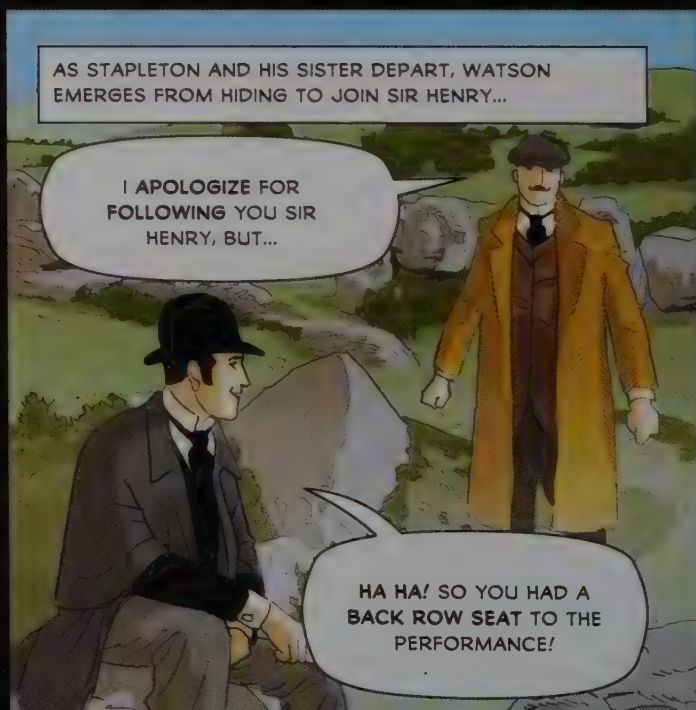
DO YOU THINK YOU CAN
TREAT A LADY AS YOU
WISH, JUST BECAUSE
YOU'RE A BARONET?

I'M NOT ASHAMED OF
MY FEELINGS FOR MISS
STAPLETON. IN FACT,
I WOULD LIKE HER TO
BECOME MY WIFE...



A LIKELY STORY,
TO COVER YOUR
IMPUDENCE!

COME, BERYL!



AS STAPLETON AND HIS SISTER DEPART, WATSON
EMERGES FROM HIDING TO JOIN SIR HENRY...

I APOLOGIZE FOR
FOLLOWING YOU SIR
HENRY, BUT...

HA HA! SO YOU HAD A
BACK ROW SEAT TO THE
PERFORMANCE!



SIGH. DID THIS BROTHER
OF MINE EVER STRIKE YOU
AS BEING CRAZY?

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH
ME ANYHOW? WOULDN'T I
MAKE A GOOD HUSBAND?

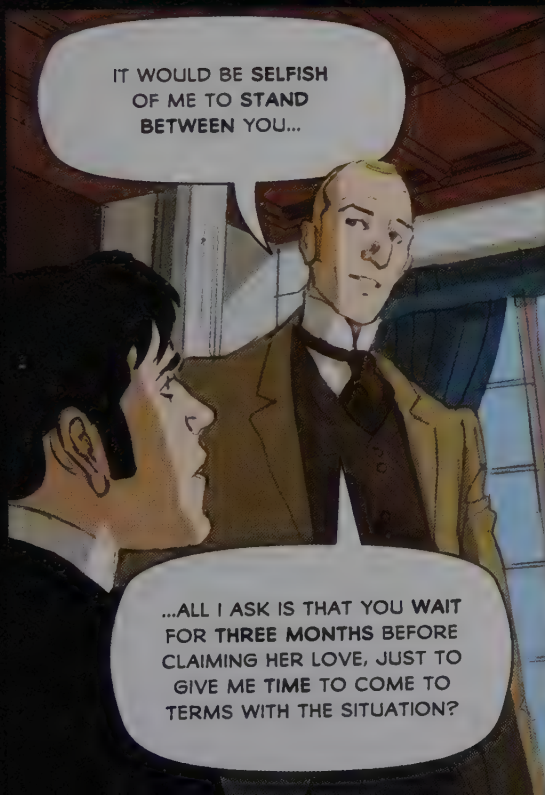
I'M SURE YOU WOULD,
OLD CHAP! COME, LET'S
RETURN TO THE HALL.

THAT AFTERNOON, SIR HENRY RECEIVES AN
UNEXPECTED VISITOR...

MR. STAPLETON!

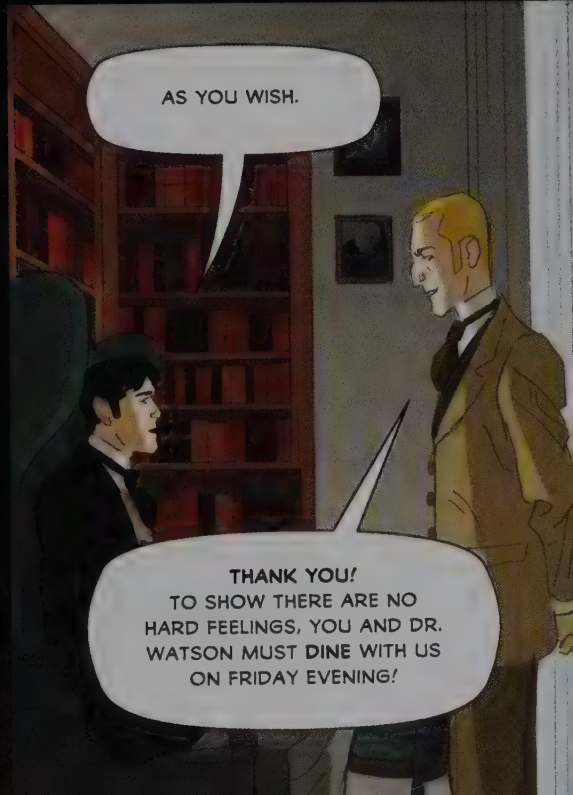
I'VE COME TO APOLOGIZE,
SIR HENRY. THE WAY I
BEHAVED THIS MORNING
WAS UNFORGIVABLE!

MY SISTER IS VERY DEAR TO
ME AND WHEN I CAME UPON
THE TWO OF YOU TOGETHER,
THE SHOCK MADE ME LOSE
MY REASON!



IT WOULD BE SELFISH
OF ME TO STAND
BETWEEN YOU...

...ALL I ASK IS THAT YOU WAIT
FOR THREE MONTHS BEFORE
CLAIMING HER LOVE, JUST TO
GIVE ME TIME TO COME TO
TERMS WITH THE SITUATION?



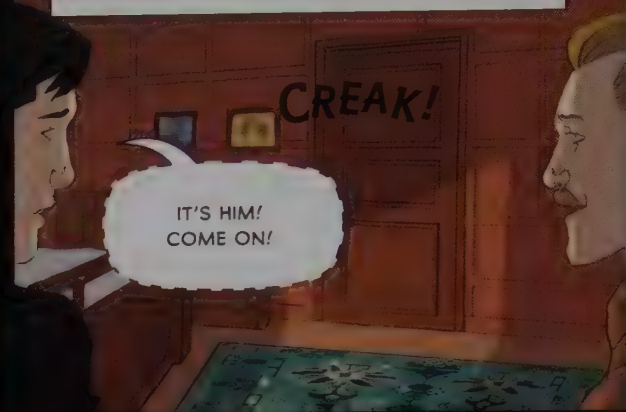
AS YOU WISH.

THANK YOU!
TO SHOW THERE ARE NO
HARD FEELINGS, YOU AND DR.
WATSON MUST DINE WITH US
ON FRIDAY EVENING!

HIS HEART LIGHTENED, THAT NIGHT, SIR HENRY JOINS WATSON IN A VIGIL FOR THE MYSTERIOUS BARRYMORE...



THEY HAVE ALMOST GIVEN UP, WHEN, SHORTLY AFTER TWO O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING...



CREAK!

IT'S HIM!
COME ON!



ALL RIGHT, BARRYMORE!
WHAT'S GOING ON?



I WAS JUST CHECKING TO
SEE THE WINDOWS WERE
FASTENED, SIR!

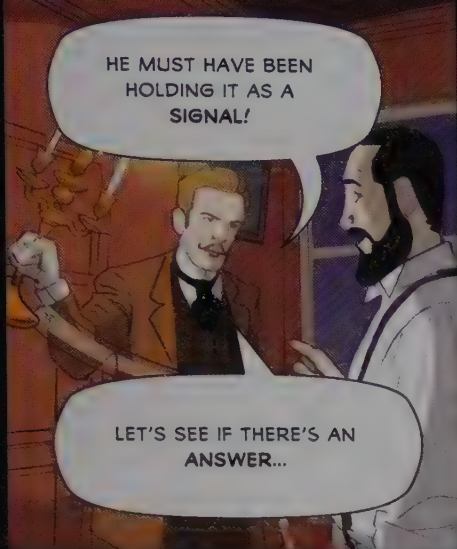


ON THE SECOND FLOOR?
AT TWO O'CLOCK IN THE
MORNING?

WHY WERE YOU HOLDING
A CANDLE TO THE
WINDOW?

DON'T ASK, SIR HENRY.
IT'S SOMEONE ELSE'S
SECRET AND I CAN'T
REVEAL IT!



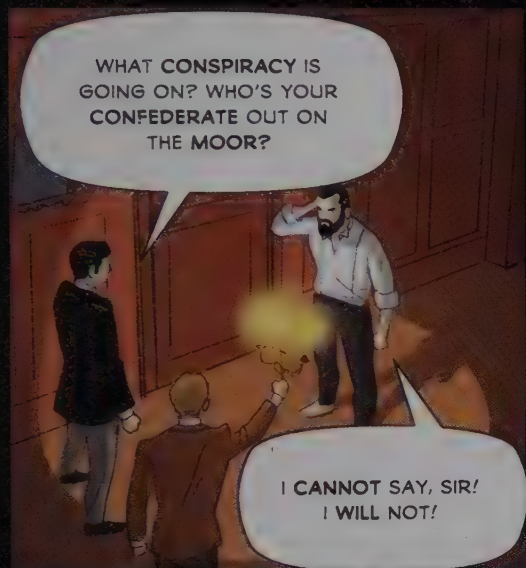


HE MUST HAVE BEEN
HOLDING IT AS A
SIGNAL!

LET'S SEE IF THERE'S AN
ANSWER...



THERE IT IS!



WHAT CONSPIRACY IS
GOING ON? WHO'S YOUR
CONFEDERATE OUT ON
THE MOOR?

I CANNOT SAY, SIR!
I WILL NOT!



YOUR FAMILY HAS SERVED
MINE FOR YEARS. NOW I
FIND YOU DEEP IN SOME
PLOT AGAINST ME!

NO, NO, SIR! NOT
AGAINST YOU!



MRS. BARRYMORE?!

IT'S ALL MY FAULT,
SIR. I MADE HIM
DO IT!

BUT WHY?
WHO WAS HE
SIGNALLING TO?



TO MY BROTHER...

...HE'S SELDEN, THE
ESCAPED CONVICT!



HE KNEW I WORKED HERE. SO,
WHEN HE ESCAPED, HE CAME
AND ASKED US FOR HELP.

THEN YOU RETURNED, SIR.
SO WE THOUGHT HE'D BE
SAFEST ON THE MOOR UNTIL
THE HUNT WAS CALLED OFF.



WE ARRANGED TO SIGNAL
WHEN WE HAD FOOD FOR HIM.
HE SIGNALS BACK TO SHOW
US WHERE TO LEAVE IT!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY!
GO TO YOUR ROOM, AND
WE'LL TALK FURTHER IN THE
MORNING!



AFTER THE BARRYMORES HAVE
RETURNED TO THEIR QUARTERS...

BY THUNDER, WATSON,
I'M GOING OUT TO *TAKE*
THAT MAN!

THEN I'M COMING
WITH YOU!



PAUSING ONLY TO DRESS AND ARM THEMSELVES,
THE TWO MEN HEAD OUT INTO THE NIGHT...

I'M NOT SURE HOLMES
WOULD APPROVE OF OUR
EXPEDITION, EH, WATSON?

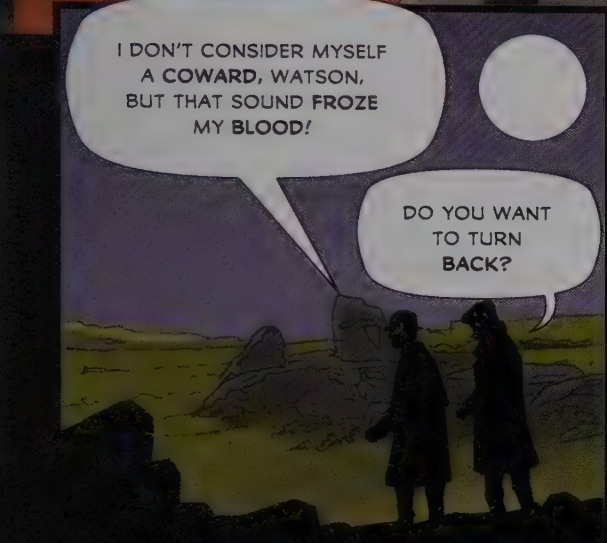
WELL, HE DID WARN US
TO STAY AWAY FROM THE
MOOR AFTER DARK!



HOOOOOWLLL!

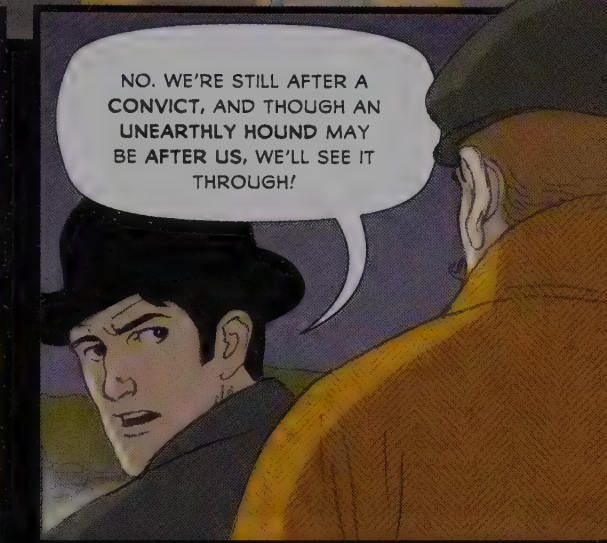
GOOD HEAVENS!
WHAT WAS THAT
WATSON?

THE LOCALS SAY IT'S THE
CRY OF THE HOUND OF
THE BASKERVILLES!



I DON'T CONSIDER MYSELF
A COWARD, WATSON,
BUT THAT SOUND FROZE
MY BLOOD!

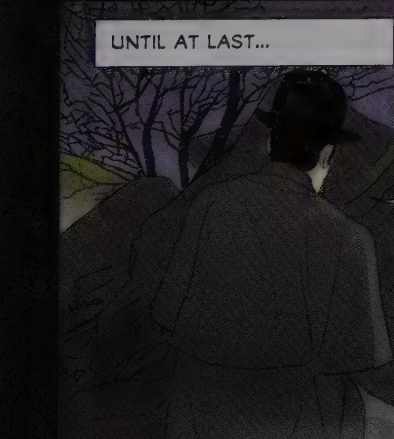
DO YOU WANT
TO TURN
BACK?



NO. WE'RE STILL AFTER A
CONVICT, AND THOUGH AN
UNEARTHLY HOUND MAY
BE AFTER US, WE'LL SEE IT
THROUGH!

THE TWO MEN STUMBLE ON THROUGH THE DARKNESS IN THE
DIRECTION OF THE LIGHT ON THE MOOR...

UNTIL AT LAST...



THERE IT IS!
WHAT SHALL WE
DO NOW?



WAIT HERE. HE MUST BE
NEAR HIS LIGHT. LET'S SEE
IF WE CAN GET A GLIMPSE
OF HIM!

THE NEXT MOMENT...

THE CONVICT IS ALERTED TO THE MEN'S PRESENCE...

THERE HE IS!

CURSE YOU!

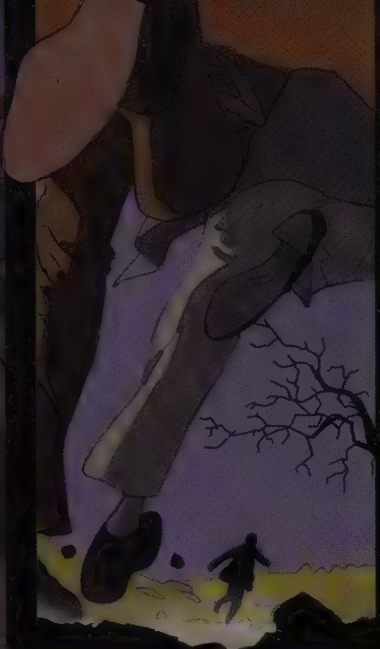
SMASH!

LOOK OUT!

AS WATSON AND SIR HENRY CLAMBER UP THE SLOPE, SELDEN RUNS OFF...

AFTER HIM,
WATSON!

SIR HENRY AND WATSON GIVE CHASE...



...BUT SELDEN IS TOO QUICK FOR THEM.

AS THE TWO MEN TRUDGE
BACK TO THE HALL...

BUT BY THE TIME SIR HENRY
FOLLOWS WATSON'S GAZE...



LOOK UP THERE,
SIR HENRY!

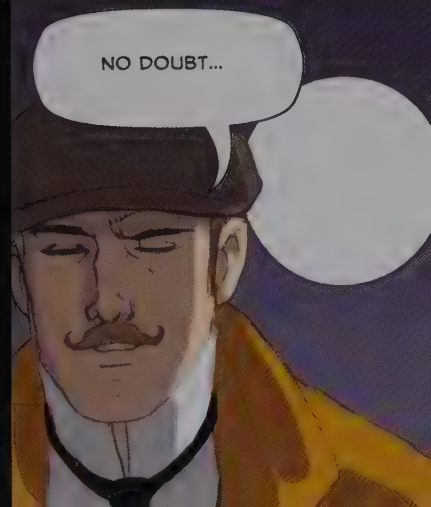


I SEE NOTHING!

THERE WAS A TALL, THIN
MAN UP THERE ON THAT
GRANITE TOR!

A WARDER, NO DOUBT.
THE MOOR HAS BEEN
THICK WITH THEM SINCE
SELDEN ESCAPED!

NO DOUBT...



THE NEXT MORNING, SIR HENRY CALLS BARRYMORE TO THE DRAWING ROOM TO DISCUSS THE NIGHT'S EVENTS...

I **BEG** YOU NOT TO LET THE POLICE KNOW, SIR HENRY!

BUT THE MAN IS A **PUBLIC DANGER!** HE THREW A ROCK AT ME AND DR. WATSON!

ONLY OUT OF **FEAR**, SIR! THEY DID **TERRIBLE** THINGS TO HIS **BRAIN** IN PRISON TO CALM HIM DOWN. IT'S LEFT HIM WITH THE MIND OF A **CHILD!**

ARRANGEMENTS HAVE BEEN MADE. IN A FEW DAYS HE'LL BE ON HIS WAY TO **SOUTH AMERICA!**

IF YOU REVEAL ALL NOW, SIR, MY WIFE AND I WILL BE IN **TROUBLE** WITH THE POLICE!

SIR HENRY PONDERES BARRYMORE'S WORDS FOR SOME TIME. THEN...

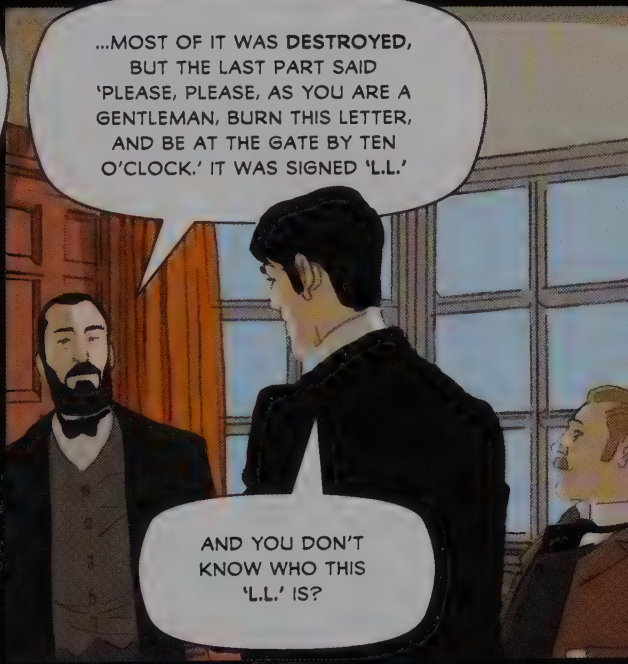
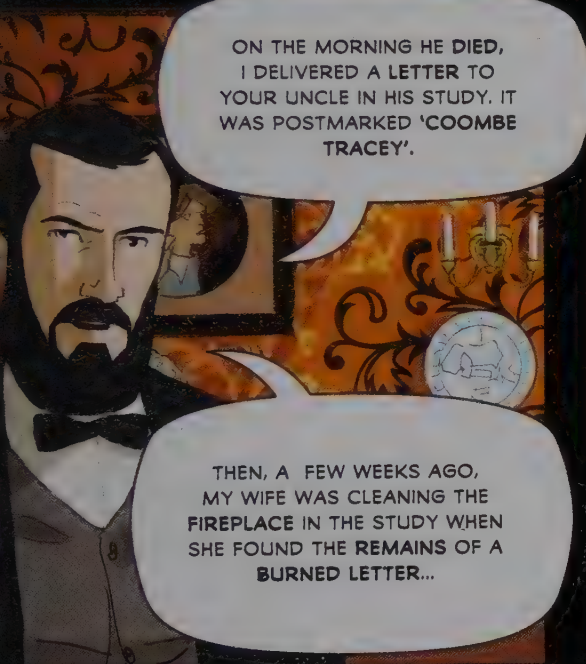
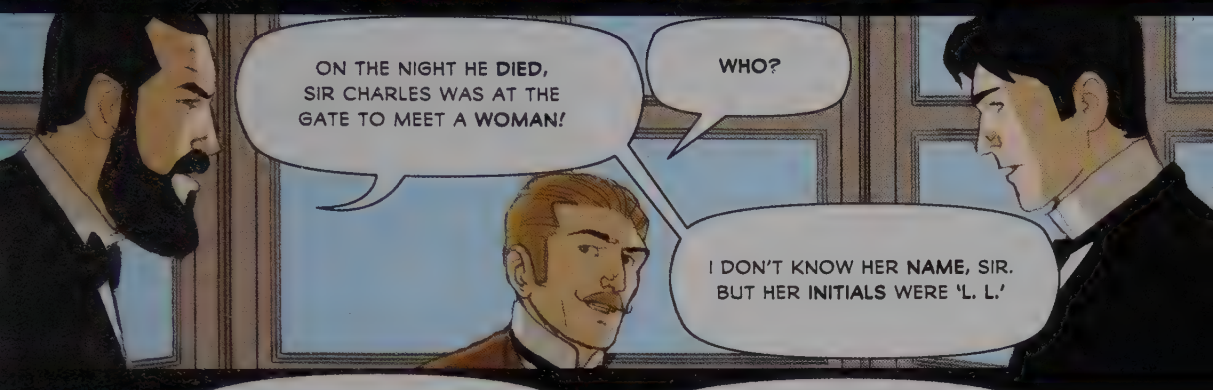
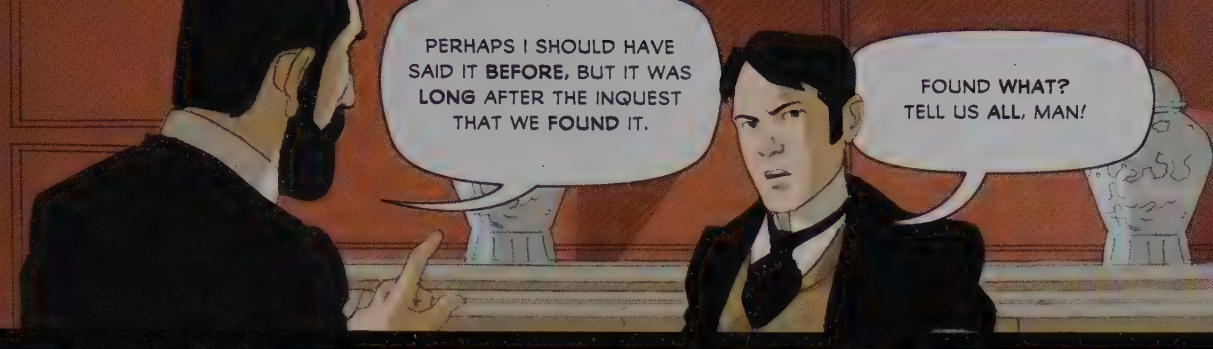
VERY WELL...

GOD BLESS YOU, SIR! IT WOULD HAVE KILLED MY POOR WIFE IF HER BROTHER HAD BEEN IMPRISONED AGAIN!

I GUESS WE'RE **AIDING AND ABETTING** A FELONY, EH WATSON? BUT IT SEEMS THE FELLOW'S PAID THE PRICE FOR HIS CRIMES AND I CAN'T SEND HIM BACK TO PRISON TO BE EXPERIMENTED ON!

YOU'VE BEEN SO KIND, SIR, THAT I'D LIKE TO DO THE BEST I CAN FOR YOU IN RETURN...

...YOU SEE, I KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT SIR CHARLES' DEATH!



LATER THAT MORNING, WATSON COMPILES HIS LATEST DAILY REPORT TO HOLMES...



...so if we can discover the identity of this mysterious L.L., it might clear up this whole business.

Incidentally, the fate of the poor wretch Selden has brought out the charitable side in Sir Henry. This morning he gave Barrymore one of his suits to pass on to the convict.



THE NEXT DAY, WATSON IS RETURNING FROM THE VILLAGE, WHEN HE MEETS DR. MORTIMER...



CAN I GIVE YOU A RIDE HOME, DR. WATSON?



AS THEY MOVE OFF...

BY THE WAY, MORTIMER, I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU KNOW ANYONE LIVING IN COOMBE TRACEY WITH THE INITIALS L.L.?



LET ME THINK...

...THERE'S LAURA LYONS?
SHE'S OLD FRANKLAND'S DAUGHTER.

SHE MARRIED AN ARTIST, DESPITE HER FATHER REFUSING HIS CONSENT.

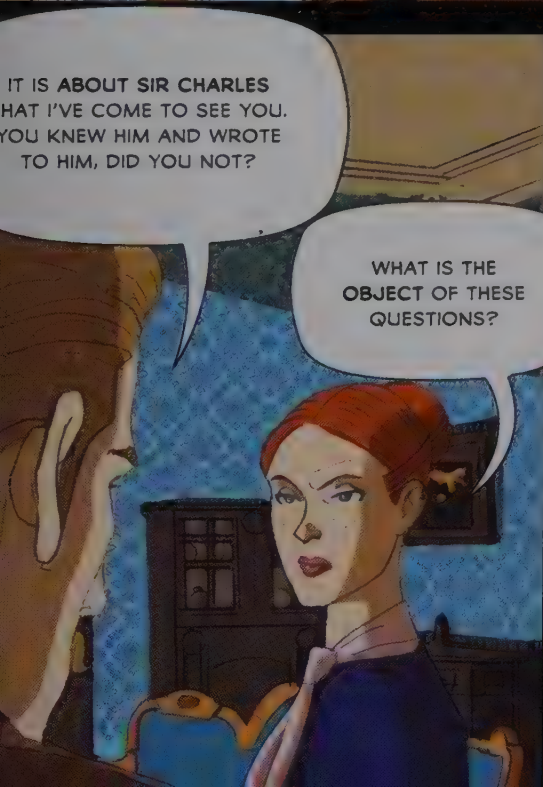
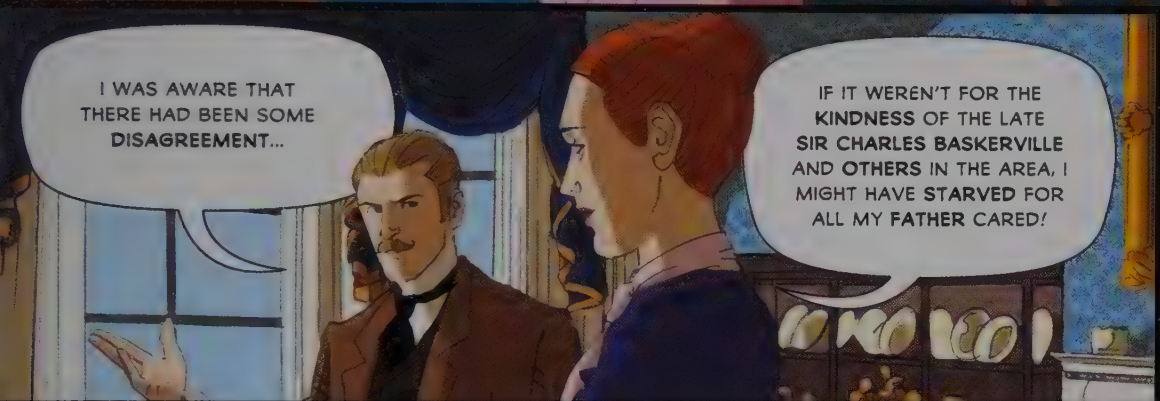
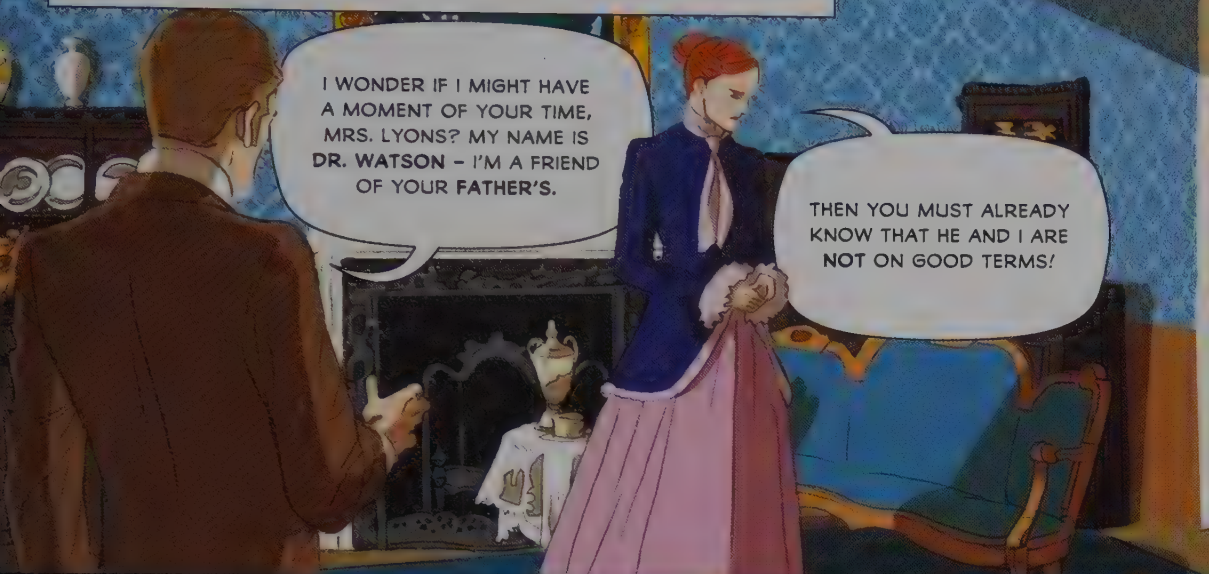


THIS LYONS WAS A BIT OF A ROGUE, BY ALL ACCOUNTS. HE DESERTED HER IN THE END!

I SEE. WOULD YOU MIND DROPPING ME AT THE STATION?



A SHORT TRAIN JOURNEY LATER, WATSON ARRIVES IN COOMBE TRACEY. AFTER A FEW INQUIRIES IN THE VILLAGE, WATSON TRACKS DOWN LAURA LYONS TO HER LODGINGS...



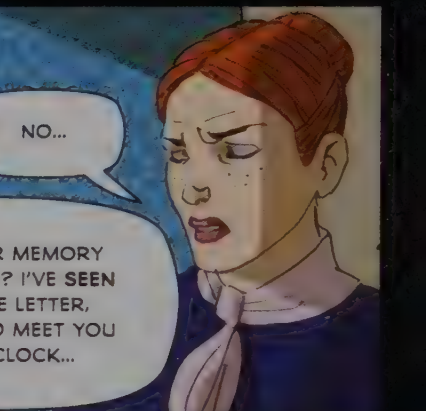


HOW DID YOU
COME TO KNOW
SIR CHARLES?

A FRIEND OF HIS,
MR. STAPLETON, KNEW OF
MY FINANCIAL DIFFICULTIES
AND TOLD SIR CHARLES.



DID YOU WRITE TO SIR
CHARLES ON THE DAY
OF HIS DEATH?

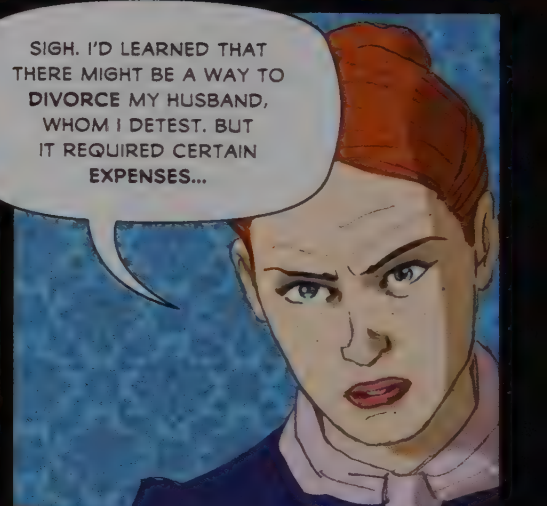


NO...

SURELY YOUR MEMORY
DECEIVES YOU? I'VE SEEN
PART OF THE LETTER,
ASKING HIM TO MEET YOU
AT TEN O'CLOCK...



I ASKED HIM TO
BURN THAT LETTER!



SIGH. I'D LEARNED THAT
THERE MIGHT BE A WAY TO
DIVORCE MY HUSBAND,
WHOM I DETEST. BUT
IT REQUIRED CERTAIN
EXPENSES...

HE DID, BUT SOME OF IT
WAS STILL LEGIBLE. WHY DID
YOU WANT TO MEET SIR
CHARLES?



...I THOUGHT SIR CHARLES
MIGHT HELP ME. BUT IN THE
END, I NEVER WENT TO THE
HALL THAT NIGHT.

SINCE SENDING THE
LETTER, I RECEIVED HELP
FROM SOMEONE ELSE.
I CAN TELL YOU NO
MORE!

WHY?

NOW GOOD DAY,
DOCTOR!



UNABLE TO GET ANY MORE INFORMATION, WATSON RETURNS TO GRIMPEN. HE IS PASSING LAFTER HALL, WHEN.....

GOOD DAY, DR. WATSON!
AND IT IS A GOOD DAY!
COME IN AND HELP ME
CELEBRATE!

FRANKLAND TAKES WATSON INTO HIS DRAWING ROOM...

WHAT EXACTLY ARE
WE CELEBRATING,
MR. FRANKLAND?

WELL, IT'S A MISSION OF
MINE TO REMIND FOLK IN
THESE PARTS THAT LAWS ARE
MEANT TO BE FOLLOWED...

...AND SO TODAY I'VE HAD
THE LOCAL COURT'S CLOSE
FERNWORTHY WOODS TO
PICNICKERS!

PEOPLE USED TO
SWARM THERE WITH
THEIR PAPERS AND
THEIR BOTTLES - BUT
NO MORE, SIR!

WELL, THOSE AUTHORITIES WILL
SOON REGRET NOT LISTENING
TO ME! FOR I'VE RECENTLY
DISCOVERED SOMETHING THEY'D
DEARLY LIKE TO KNOW! BUT I
SHAN'T TELL THEM ABOUT IT!

AND WHAT'S
THAT?

I'D BEEN TELLING THE
COUNTY CONSTABULARY
TO DEAL WITH THE MATTER
FOR YEARS, BUT THEY
TOOK NO NOTICE!

I KNOW WHERE THAT
ESCAPED CONVICT IS!



ARE YOU CERTAIN?

WELL, I DON'T KNOW THE EXACT SPOT, BUT I COULD CERTAINLY HELP THE POLICE FIND HIM!

YOU SEE, I KNOW WHO TAKES HIM HIS FOOD! YOU'LL NEVER GUESS WHO IT IS!



ER... I'M SURE I DON'T KNOW...



IT'S A CHILD!

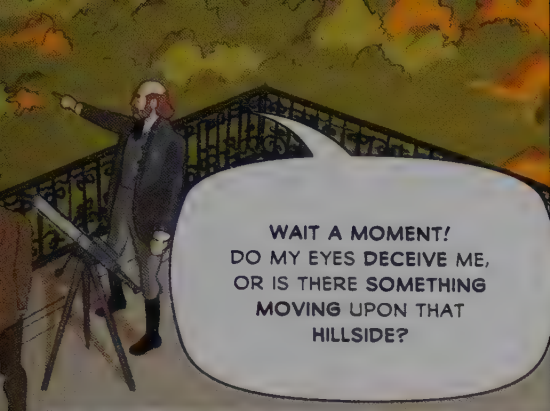
EVERY DAY, THIS CHILD CARRIES A SMALL BUNDLE UP THE PATH TO THE MOOR. HE MUST BE TAKING IT TO THE CONVICT!

I SAW IT ALL THROUGH MY TELESCOPE! COME, I'LL SHOW IT TO YOU!

FRANKLAND LEADS WATSON UP TO THE ROOF OF LAFTER HALL...



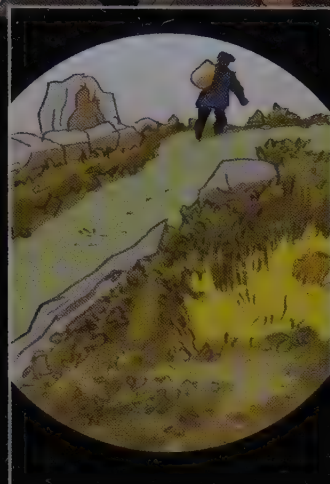
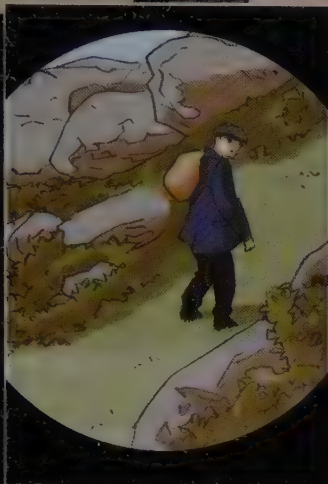
I'M SOMETHING OF AN AMATEUR ASTRONOMER. BUT THE TELESCOPE HAS OTHER USES!



WAIT A MOMENT!
DO MY EYES DECEIVE ME,
OR IS THERE SOMETHING
MOVING UPON THAT
HILLSIDE?

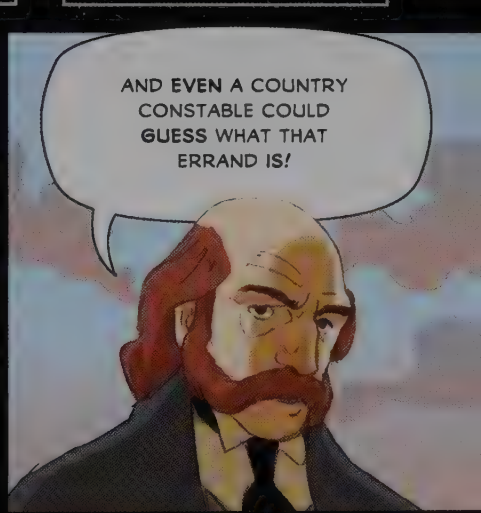


YES, BY GLORY!
LOOK FOR YOURSELF,
DOCTOR! QUICK, BEFORE
HE PASSES OVER THE HILL!

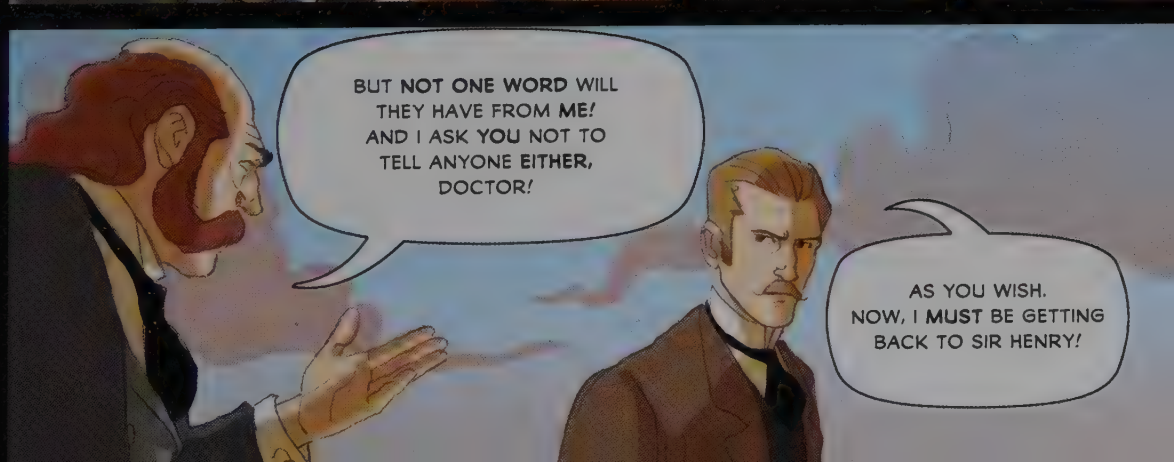


WELL, AM I
RIGHT?

THE BOY DID SEEM TO
BE ON SOME SECRET
ERRAND!



AND EVEN A COUNTRY
CONSTABLE COULD
GUESS WHAT THAT
ERRAND IS!



BUT NOT ONE WORD WILL
THEY HAVE FROM ME!
AND I ASK YOU NOT TO
TELL ANYONE EITHER,
DOCTOR!

AS YOU WISH.
NOW, I MUST BE GETTING
BACK TO SIR HENRY!

BUT AS SOON AS WATSON IS OUT OF SIGHT OF LAFTER HALL, HE FOLLOWS THE ROUTE TAKEN BY THE BOY...

HE CAN'T HAVE BEEN TAKING FOOD TO SELDEN, THAT MUCH I KNOW. SO PERHAPS HE WAS VISITING THE STRANGER I SAW ON THE TOR?

AS THE SUN STARTS TO SET, WATSON REACHES THE CREST OF THE HILL...

SURELY THAT OLD STONE HUT MUST HAVE BEEN THE BOY'S DESTINATION?

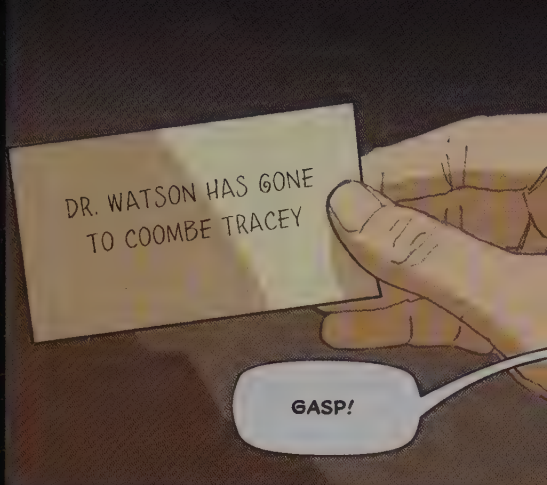
NO SOUND FROM INSIDE, BUT SOMEONE COULD STILL BE LURKING IN THERE... IT'S A GOOD THING I HAVE MY REVOLVER WITH ME!

WATSON CREEPS INSIDE...

SO, SOMEONE HAS BEEN HERE!



THIS LOOKS LIKE THE
BUNDLE THE BOY WAS
CARRYING... BUT WHAT'S
THIS PAPER UNDERNEATH?



DR. WATSON HAS GONE
TO COOMBE TRACEY

GASP!

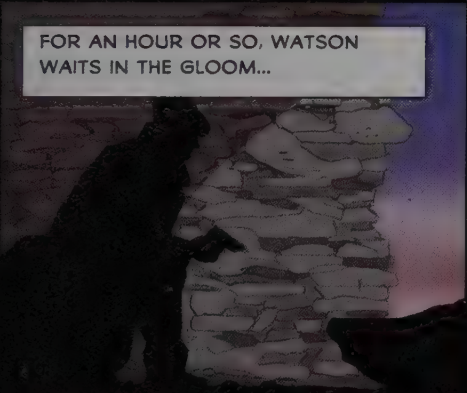


SO THIS STRANGER HAS
HAD ME FOLLOWED -
POSSIBLY BY THAT BOY!

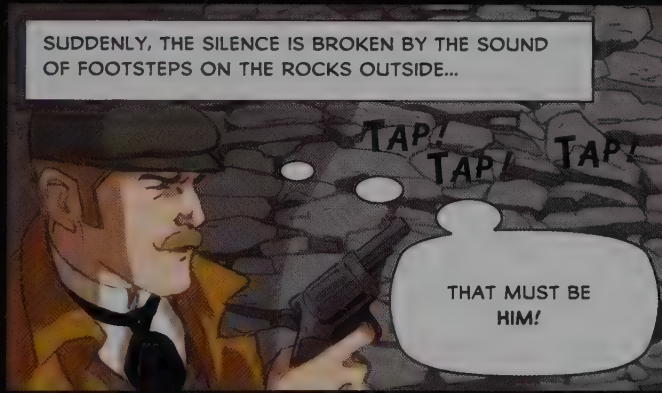
PERHAPS MY EVERY
MOVEMENT HAS BEEN
WITNESSED SINCE THE
DAY I ARRIVED?



WELL, I SHALL LIE
IN WAIT FOR MY
PURSUER!



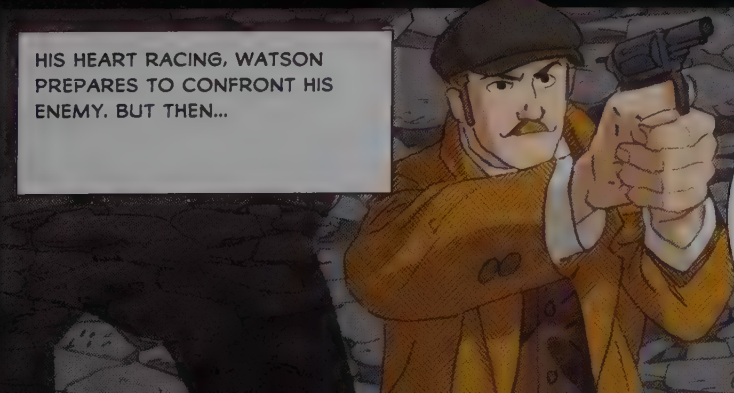
FOR AN HOUR OR SO, WATSON
WAITS IN THE GLOOM...



SUDDENLY, THE SILENCE IS BROKEN BY THE SOUND
OF FOOTSTEPS ON THE ROCKS OUTSIDE...

TAP! TAP! TAP!

THAT MUST BE
HIM!



HIS HEART RACING, WATSON
PREPARES TO CONFRONT HIS
ENEMY. BUT THEN...

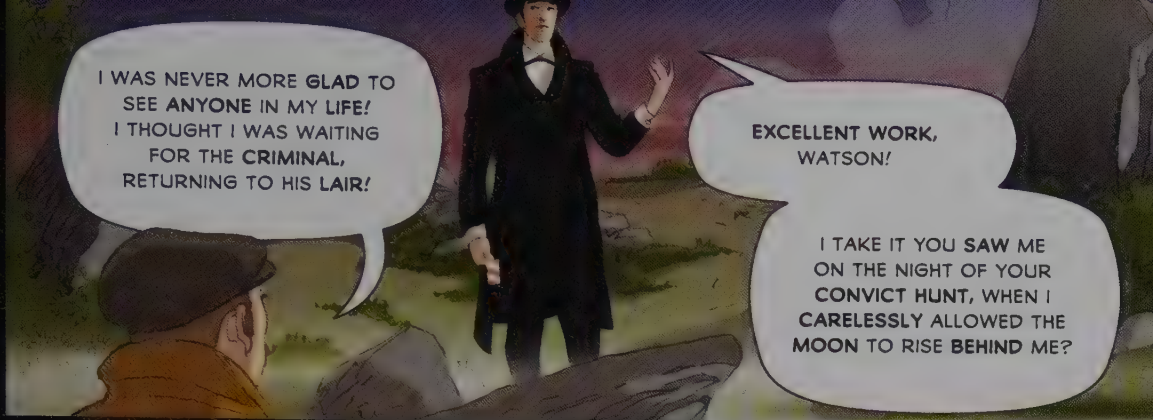
IT'S A LOVELY EVENING,
MY DEAR WATSON! I REALLY
THINK YOU'LL BE MORE
COMFORTABLE OUT HERE!

WATSON RUSHES OUTSIDE,
TO FIND...

HOLMES!

WHEN I SEE A HUMBUG
WRAPPER MARKED
'BRADLEY - OXFORD STREET',
I KNOW THAT MY FRIEND
WATSON IS NEARBY!



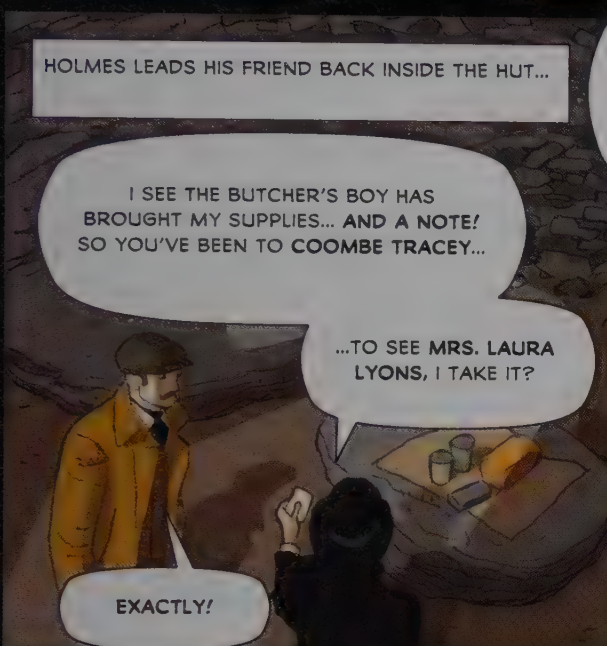
A scene in a cave with a man in a brown coat and hat (Watson) in the foreground, looking towards a man in a black coat and hat (Holmes) who is standing further back. Holmes is gesturing with his right hand.

I WAS NEVER MORE GLAD TO
SEE ANYONE IN MY LIFE!
I THOUGHT I WAS WAITING
FOR THE CRIMINAL,
RETURNING TO HIS LAIR!

EXCELLENT WORK,
WATSON!

I TAKE IT YOU SAW ME
ON THE NIGHT OF YOUR
CONVICT HUNT, WHEN I
CARELESSLY ALLOWED THE
MOON TO RISE BEHIND ME?

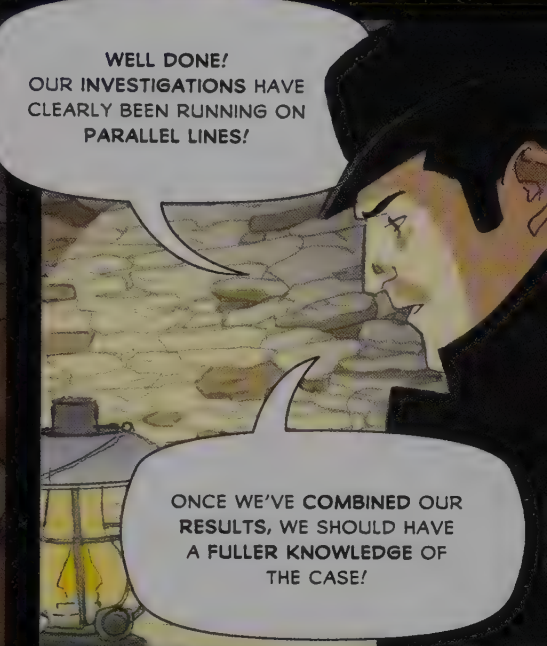
HOLMES LEADS HIS FRIEND BACK INSIDE THE HUT...

A scene inside a hut. Holmes, in his black coat, is standing and talking to Watson, who is wearing a brown coat and hat. On a table between them are some supplies, including a box and a bottle.

I SEE THE BUTCHER'S BOY HAS
BROUGHT MY SUPPLIES... AND A NOTE!
SO YOU'VE BEEN TO COOMBE TRACEY...

...TO SEE MRS. LAURA
LYONS, I TAKE IT?

EXACTLY!

A close-up profile of Holmes wearing his black hat, looking down with a serious expression.

WELL DONE!
OUR INVESTIGATIONS HAVE
CLEARLY BEEN RUNNING ON
PARALLEL LINES!

ONCE WE'VE COMBINED OUR
RESULTS, WE SHOULD HAVE
A FULLER KNOWLEDGE OF
THE CASE!

Holmes and Watson are standing and facing each other. Holmes is on the right, gesturing with his hand, and Watson is on the left.

BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE
IN BAKER STREET, WORKING
ON THAT BLACKMAIL CASE?

THAT'S WHAT I
WANTED YOU TO
THINK!

Holmes is in the foreground, looking towards Watson who is in the background. Holmes is gesturing with his hands.

SO YOU DIDN'T TRUST ME?
I THINK I DESERVE BETTER
FROM YOU, HOLMES!

MY DEAR FELLOW, YOU'VE
BEEN INVALUABLE TO ME!

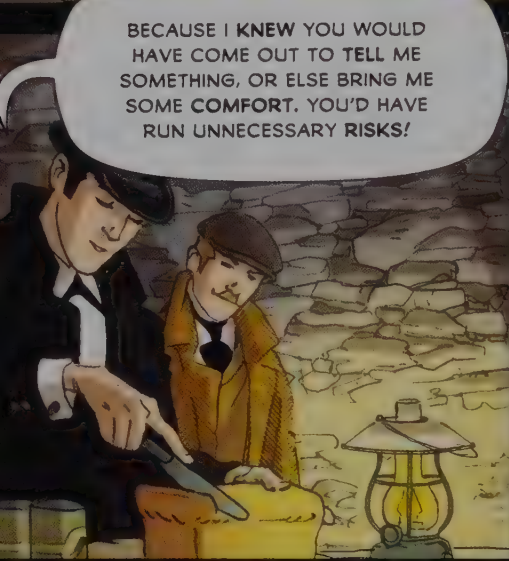
PLEASE FORGIVE MY
METHODS, BUT IT WAS
PARTLY FOR YOUR OWN
SAFETY.



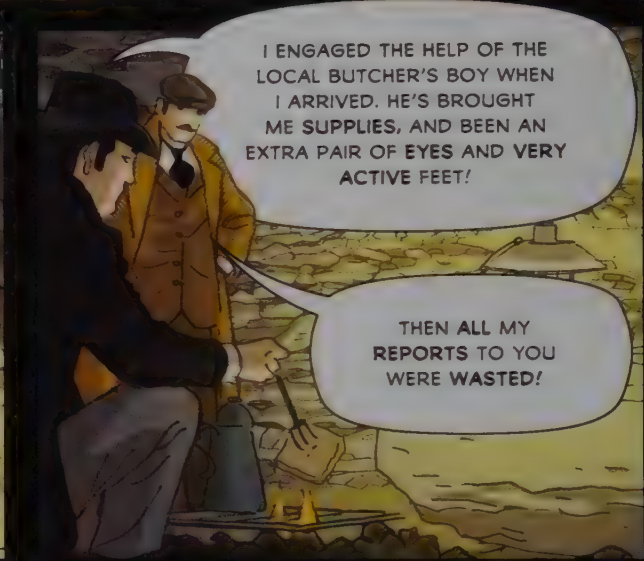
IF I'D BEEN SEEN WITH YOU AND SIR HENRY, IT WOULD HAVE WARNED OUR OPPONENTS TO BE ON THEIR GUARD!

AS IT IS, I'VE BEEN ABLE TO MOVE AROUND IN A WAY I COULDN'T POSSIBLY HAVE DONE IF I'D BEEN STAYING AT THE HALL.

BUT WHY KEEP ME IN THE DARK?



BECAUSE I KNEW YOU WOULD HAVE COME OUT TO TELL ME SOMETHING, OR ELSE BRING ME SOME COMFORT. YOU'D HAVE RUN UNNECESSARY RISKS!



I ENGAGED THE HELP OF THE LOCAL BUTCHER'S BOY WHEN I ARRIVED. HE'S BROUGHT ME SUPPLIES, AND BEEN AN EXTRA PAIR OF EYES AND VERY ACTIVE FEET!

THEN ALL MY REPORTS TO YOU WERE WASTED!



HERE ARE YOUR REPORTS, MY DEAR FELLOW, AND ALL VERY WELL THUMBED, I ASSURE YOU! I ARRANGED FOR THEM TO BE DIVERTED FROM THE POST OFFICE.

I REALLY MUST COMPLIMENT YOU ON THE INTELLIGENCE YOU'VE SHOWN IN THIS MOST DIFFICULT CASE!

NOW TELL ME OF YOUR VISIT TO MRS. LYONS! I WAS ALREADY AWARE OF HER IMPORTANCE IN THE MATTER AND WAS PLANNING TO VISIT HER MYSELF.

AFTER WATSON HAS TOLD ALL...

THAT FILLS A FEW GAPS IN MY KNOWLEDGE. BUT DID YOU KNOW THAT A CLOSENESS EXISTS BETWEEN MRS. LYONS AND STAPLETON?

NO!

NOW IF WE CAN ONLY USE THAT INFORMATION TO GET HIS WIFE AWAY FROM HIM...

HIS WIFE?

THE LADY WHO'S BEEN POSING AS STAPLETON'S SISTER IS REALLY HIS WIFE!

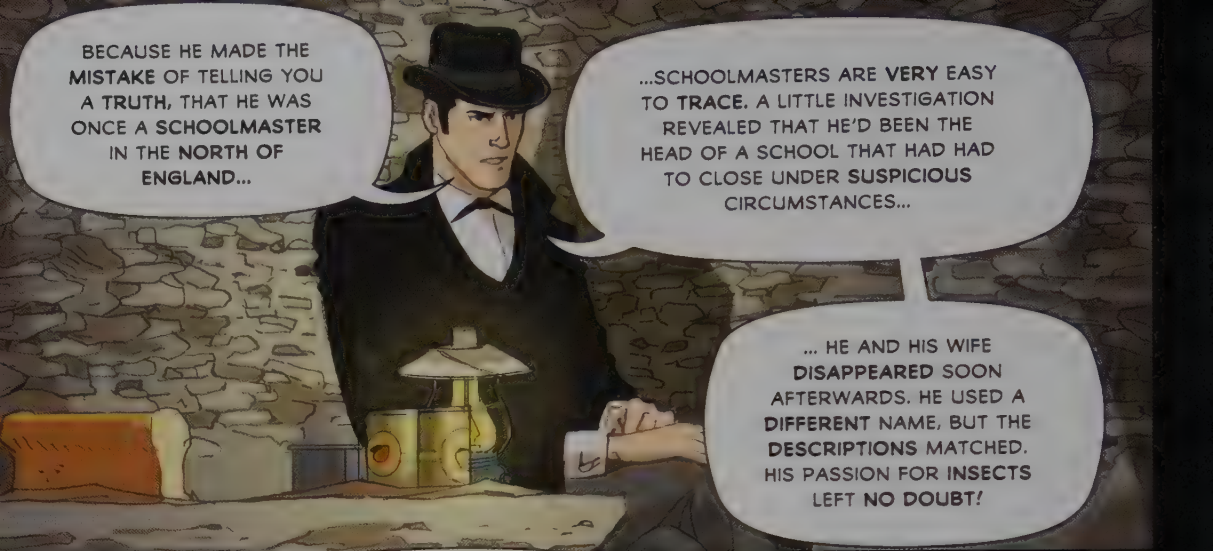
BUT WHY THE ELABORATE DECEPTION?

DOUBTLESS STAPLETON THOUGHT SHE WOULD MORE USEFUL TO HIS PLANS IF SHE APPEARED TO BE A FREE WOMAN!

SO STAPLETON IS THE VILLAIN BEHIND ALL THIS? WAS HE THE MAN IN THE CAB, BACK IN LONDON?

WEARING A FALSE BEARD AND WIG, YES, I BELIEVE SO.

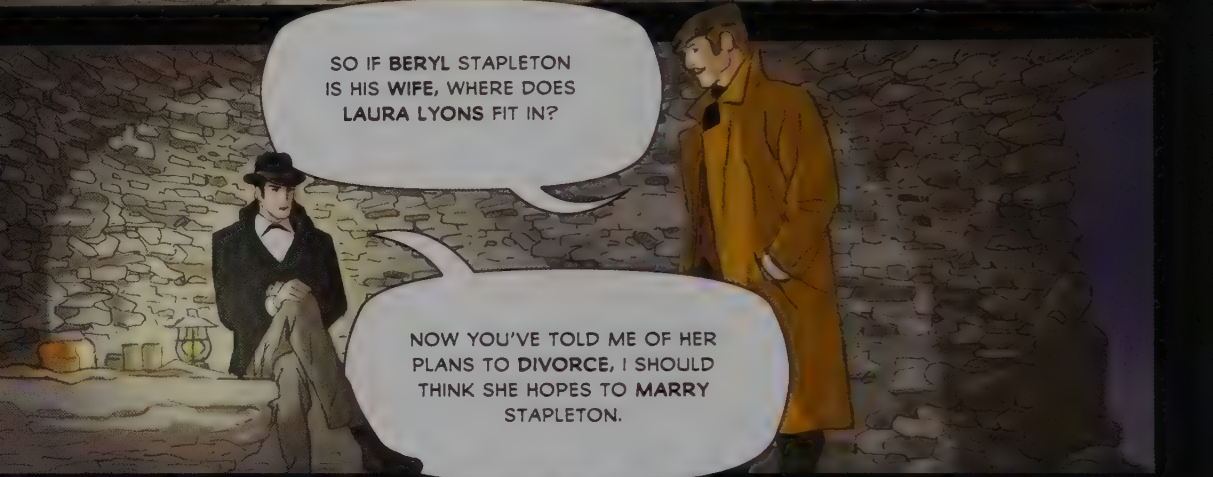
AND THE WARNING LETTER MUST HAVE COME FROM BERYL STAPLETON! BUT HOW DO YOU KNOW SHE'S HIS WIFE?



BECAUSE HE MADE THE MISTAKE OF TELLING YOU A TRUTH, THAT HE WAS ONCE A SCHOOLMASTER IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND...

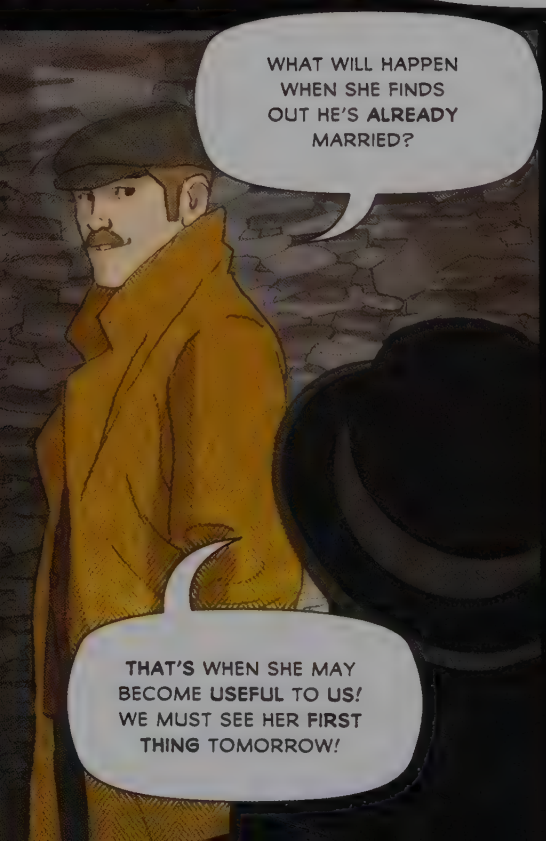
...SCHOOLMASTERS ARE VERY EASY TO TRACE. A LITTLE INVESTIGATION REVEALED THAT HE'D BEEN THE HEAD OF A SCHOOL THAT HAD HAD TO CLOSE UNDER SUSPICIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES...

... HE AND HIS WIFE DISAPPEARED SOON AFTERWARDS. HE USED A DIFFERENT NAME, BUT THE DESCRIPTIONS MATCHED. HIS PASSION FOR INSECTS LEFT NO DOUBT!



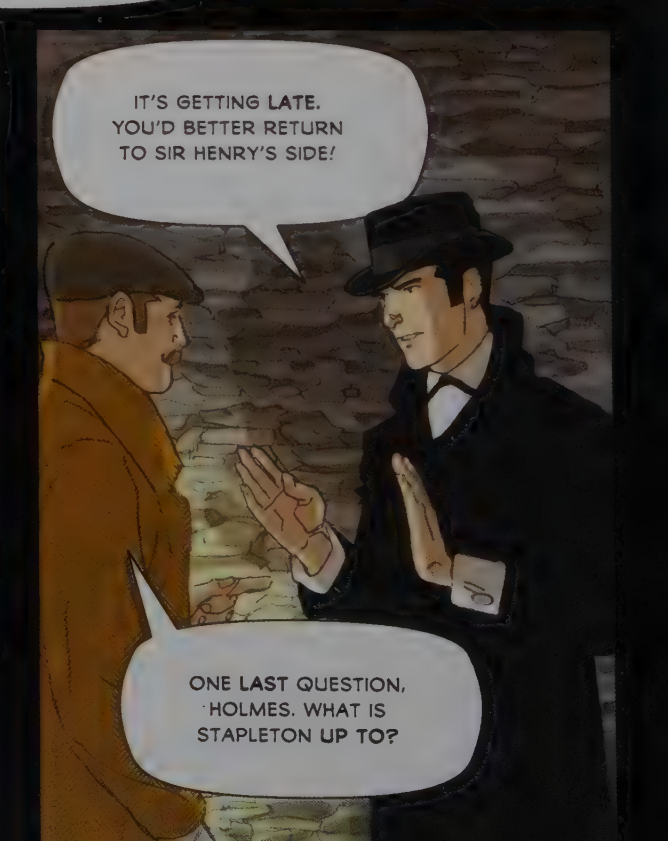
SO IF BERYL STAPLETON IS HIS WIFE, WHERE DOES LAURA LYONS FIT IN?

NOW YOU'VE TOLD ME OF HER PLANS TO DIVORCE, I SHOULD THINK SHE HOPES TO MARRY STAPLETON.



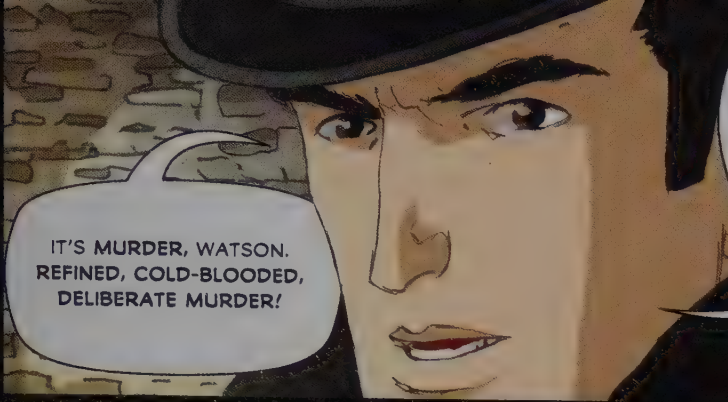
WHAT WILL HAPPEN WHEN SHE FINDS OUT HE'S ALREADY MARRIED?

THAT'S WHEN SHE MAY BECOME USEFUL TO US! WE MUST SEE HER FIRST THING TOMORROW!



IT'S GETTING LATE. YOU'D BETTER RETURN TO SIR HENRY'S SIDE!

ONE LAST QUESTION, HOLMES. WHAT IS STAPLETON UP TO?



IT'S MURDER, WATSON.
REFINED, COLD-BLOODED,
DELIBERATE MURDER!

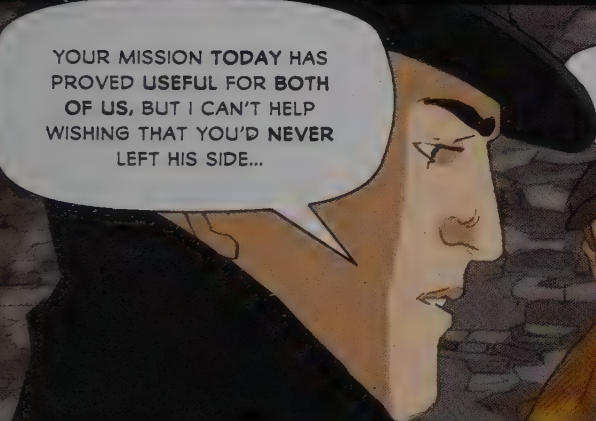
DON'T ASK ME FOR DETAILS YET.
MY NET IS CLOSING IN UPON HIM,
EVEN AS HIS OWN NET IS CLOSING
IN UPON SIR HENRY!



THE ONLY DANGER IS IF
STAPLETON AND HIS PET
HOUND STRIKE BEFORE WE
CAN! ANOTHER DAY OR
SO, AND MY CASE WILL BE
COMPLETE.



UNTIL THEN, YOU MUST
GUARD SIR HENRY WITH
YOUR LIFE!



YOUR MISSION TODAY HAS
PROVED USEFUL FOR BOTH
OF US, BUT I CAN'T HELP
WISHING THAT YOU'D NEVER
LEFT HIS SIDE...

AAAAAIIIIIEEEEAGGGH!



GOOD GRIEF, WHAT A
HORRIFYING SCREAM!

GROWWWL!

SNAARRL!



THE HOUND!
COME, WATSON,
COME!

THE TWO MEN RACE ACROSS THE MOOR IN THE DIRECTION OF THE SCREAM...



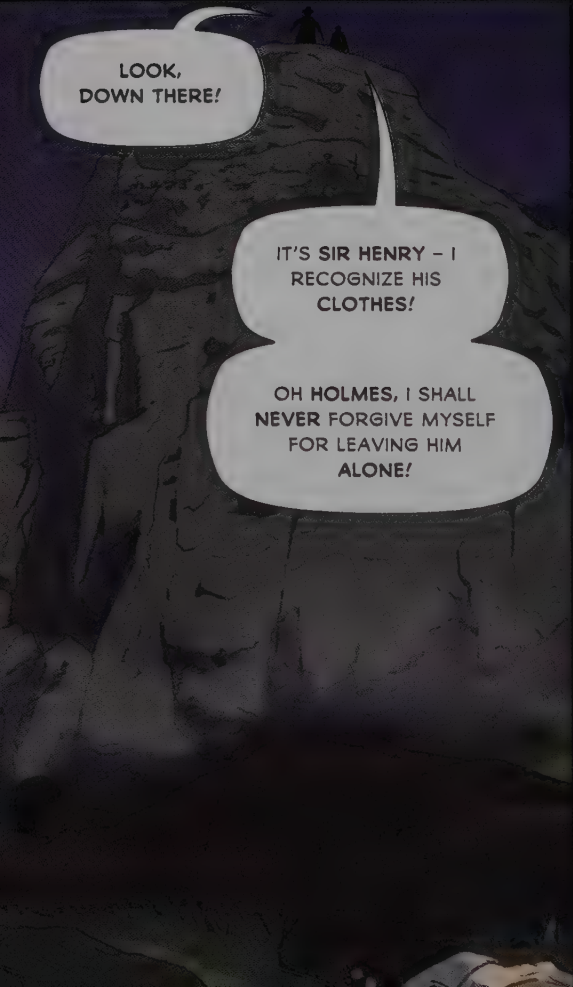
GREAT HEAVENS,
IF WE'RE TOO LATE...



I WAS A FOOL NOT
TO KEEP SIR HENRY
INFORMED...



...BUT IF THE WORST
HAS HAPPENED, WE'LL
AVENGE HIM!

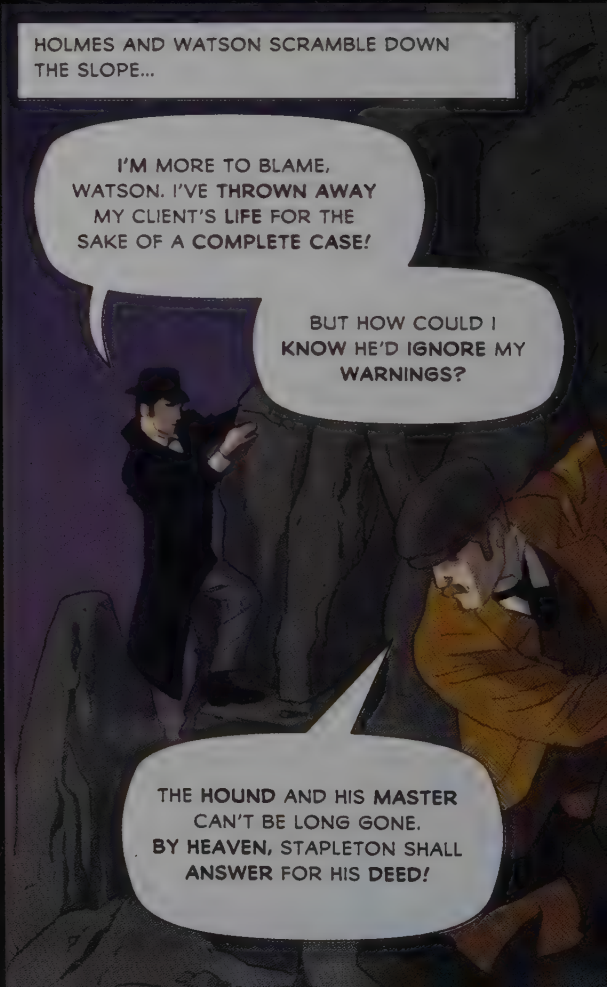


LOOK,
DOWN THERE!

IT'S SIR HENRY - I
RECOGNIZE HIS
CLOTHES!

OH HOLMES, I SHALL
NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF
FOR LEAVING HIM
ALONE!

HOLMES AND WATSON SCRAMBLE DOWN
THE SLOPE...



I'M MORE TO BLAME,
WATSON. I'VE THROWN AWAY
MY CLIENT'S LIFE FOR THE
SAKE OF A COMPLETE CASE!

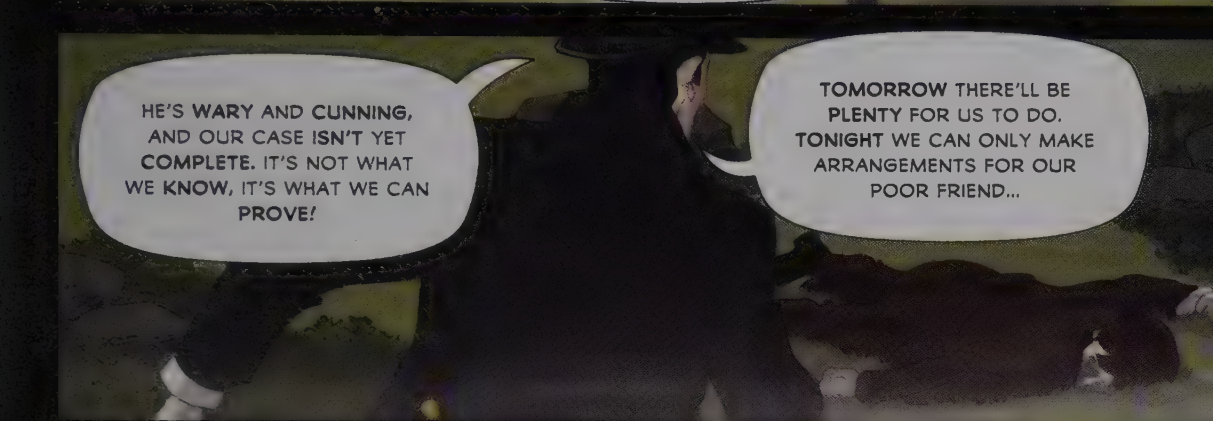
BUT HOW COULD I
KNOW HE'D IGNORE MY
WARNINGS?

THE HOUND AND HIS MASTER
CAN'T BE LONG GONE.
BY HEAVEN, STAPLETON SHALL
ANSWER FOR HIS DEED!



HE SHALL! NOT ONLY FOR CHASING SIR HENRY TO HIS DOOM, BUT FOR FRIGHTENING SIR CHARLES TO DEATH THAT NIGHT AT THE HALL!

HIS COTTAGE ISN'T FAR. WHY DON'T WE GO AND ARREST HIM NOW?



HE'S WARY AND CUNNING, AND OUR CASE ISN'T YET COMPLETE. IT'S NOT WHAT WE KNOW, IT'S WHAT WE CAN PROVE!

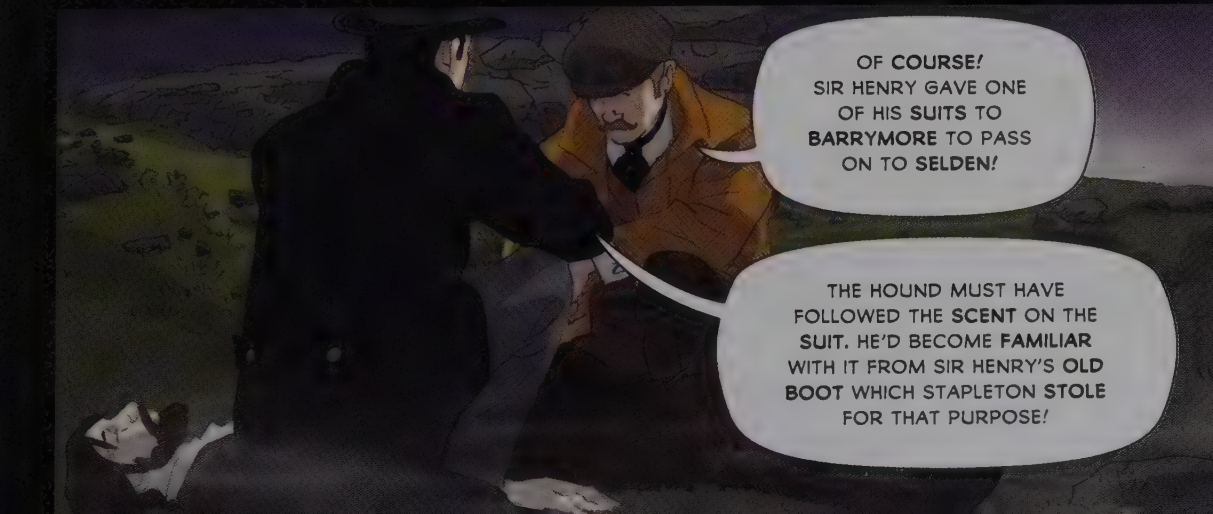
TOMORROW THERE'LL BE PLENTY FOR US TO DO. TONIGHT WE CAN ONLY MAKE ARRANGEMENTS FOR OUR POOR FRIEND...

BUT AS HOLMES TURNS OVER THE BODY...



IT'S NOT SIR HENRY!

IT'S SELDEN, THE CONVICT!



OF COURSE! SIR HENRY GAVE ONE OF HIS SUITS TO BARRYMORE TO PASS ON TO SELDEN!

THE HOUND MUST HAVE FOLLOWED THE SCENT ON THE SUIT. HE'D BECOME FAMILIAR WITH IT FROM SIR HENRY'S OLD BOOT WHICH STAPLETON STOLE FOR THAT PURPOSE!

AT THAT MOMENT...

WHY, DR. WATSON, I DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE YOU ON THE MOOR AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT...

...DEAR ME, IS SOMEONE HURT? DON'T SAY IT'S OUR FRIEND, SIR HENRY!

WHO... WHO'S THIS?

IT'S SELDEN, THE ESCAPED CONVICT! HE BROKE HIS NECK BY FALLING OVER THESE ROCKS...

...MY FRIEND AND I WERE OUT WALKING WHEN WE HEARD HIS CRY.

I HEARD IT TOO. I THOUGHT IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN SIR HENRY. I'D INVITED HIM OVER, YOU SEE!

WHAT DO YOU THINK LED TO THIS POOR WRETCH'S FALL, MR. HOLMES?

YOU KNOW WHO I AM?

WE'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU SINCE DR. WATSON ARRIVED!

I SEE. WELL, HE MOST PROBABLY LOST HIS FOOTING IN THE DARK.

IT'S AN UNPLEASANT MEMORY FOR ME TO TAKE BACK TO LONDON TOMORROW!

OH, YOU RETURN
TOMORROW?

YES. I'VE DISCOVERED
NOTHING HERE EXCEPT
LEGENDS! IT HASN'T BEEN A
VERY SATISFACTORY CASE!

LEAVING THE CONVICT'S BODY FOR THE POLICE TO DEAL WITH IN THE MORNING, HOLMES AND
WATSON RETURN TO BASKERVILLE HALL TO DISCOVER THAT SIR HENRY HAS RETIRED TO BED...

AS THEY CROSS THE DINING HALL, HOLMES' ATTENTION IS DRAWN TO
THE BASKERVILLE FAMILY PORTRAITS...

AHA! SO THAT'S THE WICKED
SIR HUGO, WHO STARTED THE
BUSINESS OF THE HOUND OF
THE BASKEVILLES!

DOES HE REMIND YOU
OF ANYONE YOU KNOW,
WATSON?

THERE'S SOMETHING
OF SIR HENRY ABOUT
THE JAW...

LET ME COVER SOME OF
THE HAIR, THEN LOOK
AGAIN!

STAPLETON!

A scene in a dimly lit study. Holmes and Watson are standing near a fireplace. A table with a white cloth and a vase of flowers is in the foreground.

STAPLETON
IS CLEARLY A
BASKERVILLE!

EXACTLY! THIS PICTURE HAS
SUPPLIED A MISSING LINK IN OUR
INVESTIGATION!

WITH PLANS TO INHERIT
THE FAMILY FORTUNE?

A close-up of Holmes's face, looking serious and determined.

WE HAVE HIM, WATSON!
BEFORE TOMORROW NIGHT, HE'LL
BE FLUTTERING IN OUR NET AS
HELPLESS AS ONE OF HIS OWN
BUTTERFLIES...

A close-up of Watson's face, looking at Holmes with a slight smile.

...A PIN, A CORK AND A CARD,
AND WE'LL ADD HIM TO THE
BAKER STREET COLLECTION!

THE NEXT MORNING, WATSON TELLS THE BARRYMORES AND SIR HENRY OF SELDEN'S
DEATH, OMITTING ANY MENTION OF THE HOUND, ON HOLMES'S INSTRUCTION.

AFTER SENDING WORD TO THE PRISON OF THE CONVICT'S DEATH, HOLMES JOINS
WATSON AND SIR HENRY AT BREAKFAST...

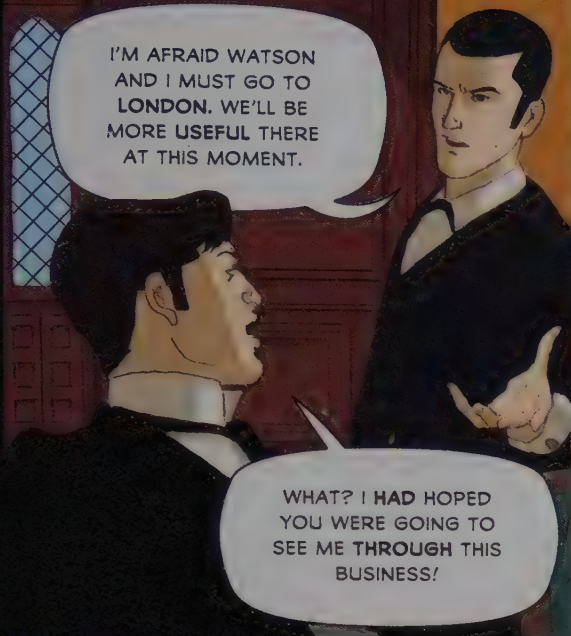
Holmes, Watson, and Sir Henry are seated at a breakfast table. Holmes is standing and talking to Sir Henry, while Watson sits at the table.

I'M SORRY I WASN'T AROUND
TO GREET YOU LAST NIGHT, MR.
HOLMES. I RETIRED EARLY, AS
WATSON WASN'T HERE.

I'D HAD AN INVITATION TO THE
STAPLETONS, BUT I STUCK TO
YOUR ORDERS NOT TO GO OUT
ALONE AT NIGHT!

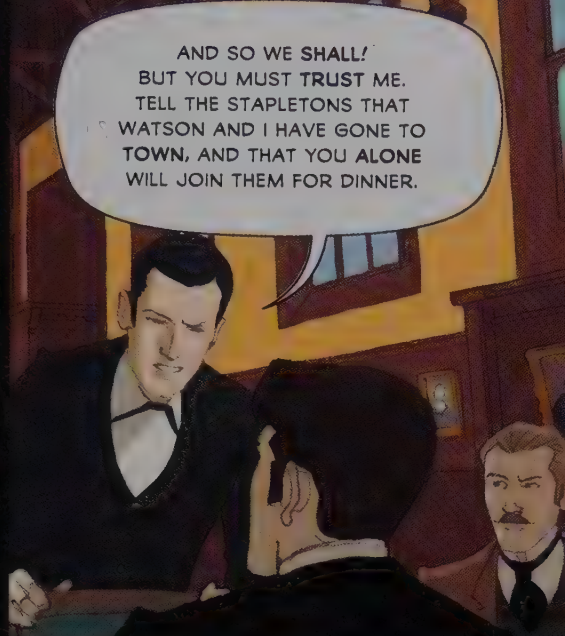
THOUGH I UNDERSTAND
THAT YOU AND WATSON
ARE DUE TO DINE WITH THE
STAPLETONS TONIGHT?

THAT'S RIGHT.



I'M AFRAID WATSON
AND I MUST GO TO
LONDON. WE'LL BE
MORE USEFUL THERE
AT THIS MOMENT.

WHAT? I HAD HOPED
YOU WERE GOING TO
SEE ME THROUGH THIS
BUSINESS!



AND SO WE SHALL!
BUT YOU MUST TRUST ME.
TELL THE STAPLETONS THAT
WATSON AND I HAVE GONE TO
TOWN, AND THAT YOU ALONE
WILL JOIN THEM FOR DINNER.



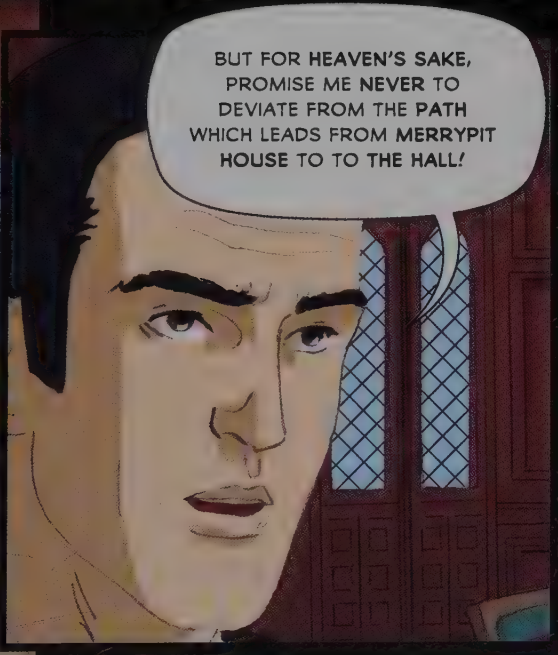
DRIVE TO MERRYPIT HOUSE,
BUT SEND THE TRAP BACK
AND TELL STAPLETON YOU
INTEND TO WALK HOME.

ACROSS THE MOOR?
BUT THAT'S THE VERY THING
YOU'VE WARNED ME NEVER
TO DO!



THIS TIME YOU'LL BE SAFE!
IF I DIDN'T HAVE EVERY
CONFIDENCE IN YOUR
COURAGE, I WOULDN'T ASK,
BUT IT'S ESSENTIAL!

VERY WELL!



BUT FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE,
PROMISE ME NEVER TO
DEVIATE FROM THE PATH
WHICH LEADS FROM MERRYPIT
HOUSE TO THE HALL!

HOLMES AND WATSON TAKE THE LONDON TRAIN, BUT GET OFF AT COOMBE TRACEY, WHERE HOLMES VISITS THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE...

I'VE SENT A MESSAGE TO INSPECTOR LESTRADE OF SCOTLAND YARD TO JOIN US - WE MAY NEED HIS ASSISTANCE TONIGHT!

SO WE'RE NOT RETURNING TO LONDON?

NO, BUT STAPLETON MUST *THINK* WE HAVE!

NOW LET'S PAY A CALL ON MRS. LAURA LYONS...

AND SO, A FEW MINUTES LATER...

I'M INVESTIGATING THE DEATH OF SIR CHARLES BASKERVILLE, MRS. LYONS.

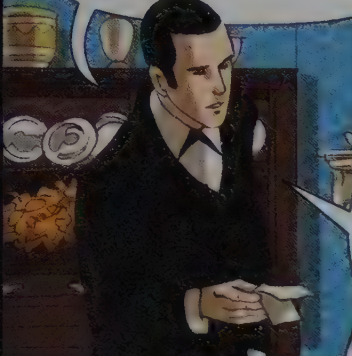
MY FRIEND, DR. WATSON, TELLS ME THAT YOU'VE WITHHELD EVIDENCE IN CONNECTION WITH THE MATTER!

I HAVE WITHHELD NOTHING!

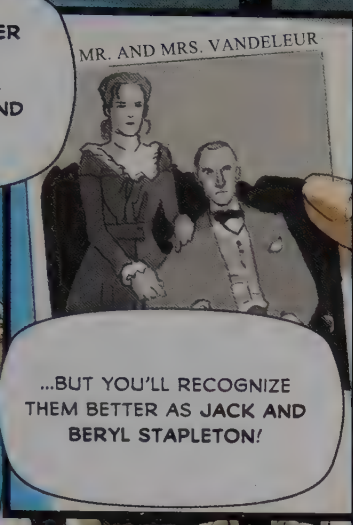
I SHOULD WARN YOU THAT WE REGARD THIS CASE AS ONE OF MURDER...

HIS WIFE?! NO, IT CAN'T BE! HE'S NOT MARRIED!

...THE EVIDENCE WILL NOT ONLY IMPLICATE YOUR FRIEND MR. STAPLETON, BUT HIS WIFE AS WELL!



HERE'S A YORK NEWSPAPER
CLIPPING FROM FOUR
YEARS AGO, SHOWING A
PHOTOGRAPH OF A MR. AND
MRS. VANDELEUR...



MR. AND MRS. VANDELEUR

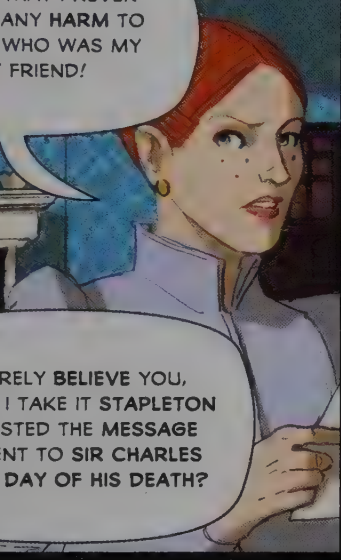
...BUT YOU'LL RECOGNIZE
THEM BETTER AS JACK AND
BERYL STAPLETON!



MR. HOLMES, THIS MAN
OFFERED TO MARRY ME IF I
DIVORCED MY HUSBAND!
THE VILLAIN HAS LIED TO ME
IN EVERY WAY!



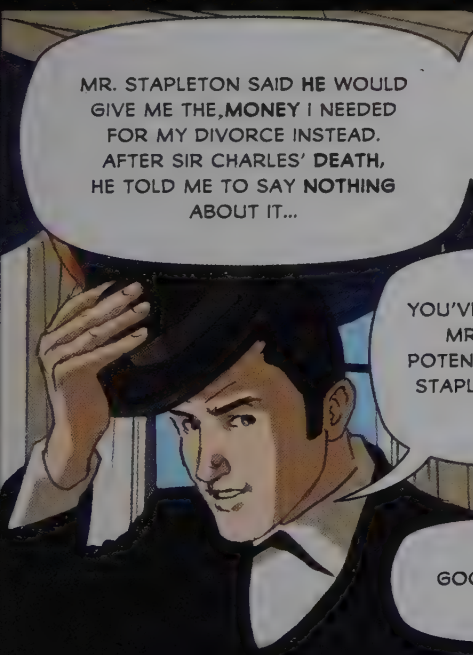
BUT I SWEAR THAT I NEVER
DREAMED OF ANY HARM TO
SIR CHARLES, WHO WAS MY
KINDEST FRIEND!



I ENTIRELY BELIEVE YOU,
MADAM. I TAKE IT STAPLETON
SUGGESTED THE MESSAGE
YOU SENT TO SIR CHARLES
ON THE DAY OF HIS DEATH?



YES, HE DICTATED IT.
BUT *AFTER* I'D SENT IT, HE
TOLD ME NOT TO KEEP THE
APPOINTMENT!



MR. STAPLETON SAID HE WOULD
GIVE ME THE MONEY I NEEDED
FOR MY DIVORCE INSTEAD.
AFTER SIR CHARLES' DEATH,
HE TOLD ME TO SAY NOTHING
ABOUT IT...

...HE SAID THE DEATH WAS
MYSTERIOUS AND THAT
I'D BE A SUSPECT IF THE
FACTS CAME OUT!



YOU'VE HAD A LUCKY ESCAPE,
MRS. LYONS! YOU HAD
POTENTIAL EVIDENCE AGAINST
STAPLETON AND YET YOU'RE
STILL ALIVE!

GOOD DAY TO YOU!

PRACEY

AFTER HAVING LUNCH IN THE VILLAGE, HOLMES AND WATSON RETURN TO THE STATION TO GREET THE LONDON EXPRESS...

A scene at a train station platform. A red train is stopped at the platform. Several people are waiting. Holmes and Watson are in the foreground, looking towards the train. Holmes is wearing a dark coat and a hat, and Watson is wearing a yellow coat and a hat. A speech bubble from Holmes says: "INSPECTOR LESTRADE! WELCOME TO DEVONSHIRE!"

INSPECTOR LESTRADE!
WELCOME TO DEVONSHIRE!

I'M A BUSY MAN, MR. HOLMES.
I HOPE THIS BUSINESS IS AS
SERIOUS AS YOU SUGGESTED!

IT'S THE BIGGEST THING
FOR YEARS! THE CASE
POSSESSES SOME FEATURES
WHICH ARE ENTIRELY ITS
OWN!

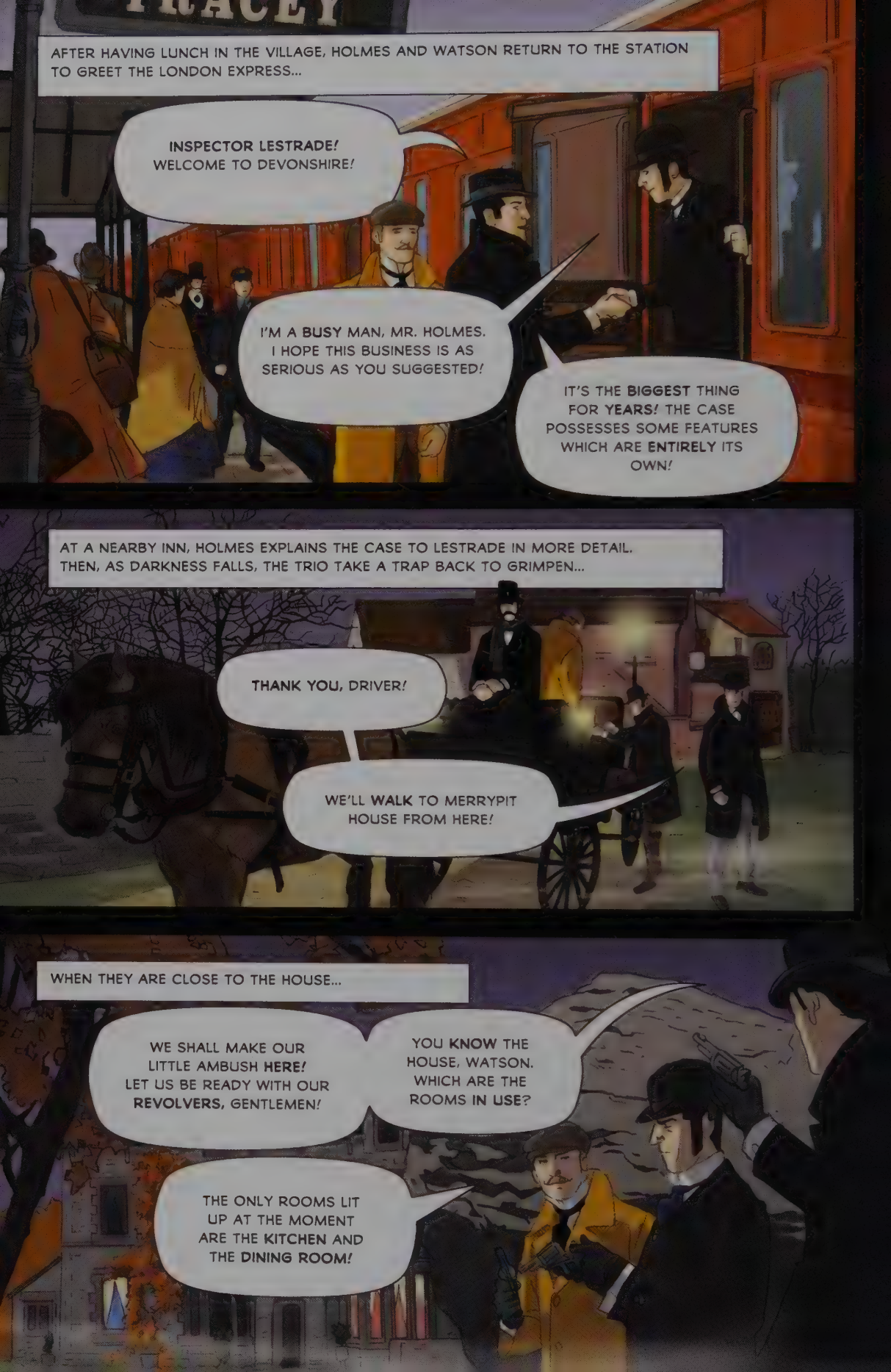
AT A NEARBY INN, HOLMES EXPLAINS THE CASE TO LESTRADE IN MORE DETAIL.
THEN, AS DARKNESS FALLS, THE TRIO TAKE A TRAP BACK TO GRIMPEN...

A scene at night showing a horse-drawn carriage. Holmes and Watson are inside the carriage. Holmes is wearing a dark coat and a hat, and Watson is wearing a yellow coat and a hat. A speech bubble from Holmes says: "THANK YOU, DRIVER!"

THANK YOU, DRIVER!

WE'LL WALK TO MERRYBIT
HOUSE FROM HERE!

WHEN THEY ARE CLOSE TO THE HOUSE...

A scene at night showing Holmes and Watson in a dark street. Holmes is wearing a dark coat and a hat, and Watson is wearing a yellow coat and a hat. They are both holding revolvers. A speech bubble from Holmes says: "WE SHALL MAKE OUR LITTLE AMBUSH HERE! LET US BE READY WITH OUR REVOLVERS, GENTLEMEN!"

WE SHALL MAKE OUR
LITTLE AMBUSH HERE!
LET US BE READY WITH OUR
REVOLVERS, GENTLEMEN!

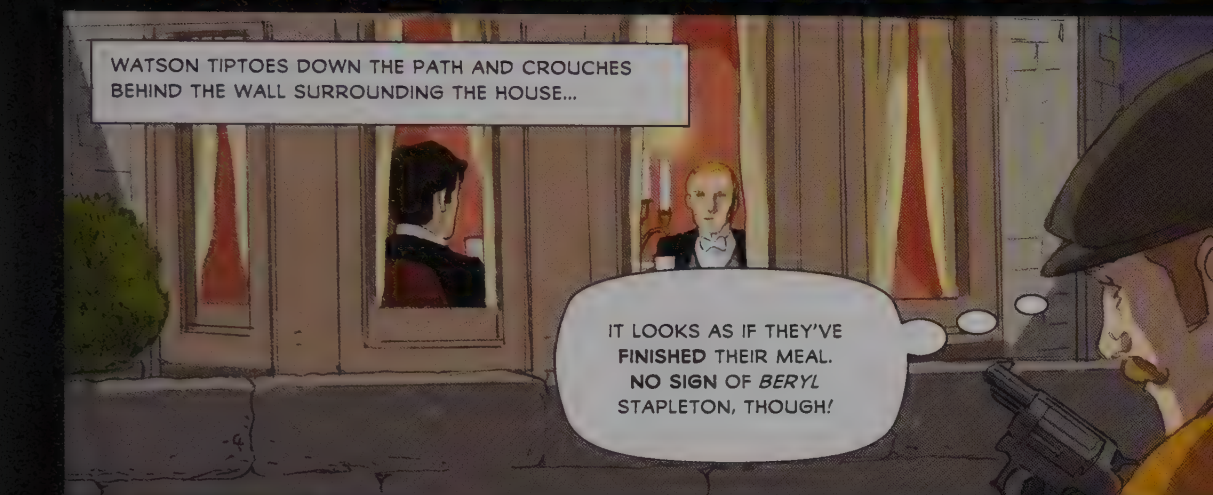
YOU KNOW THE
HOUSE, WATSON.
WHICH ARE THE
ROOMS IN USE?

THE ONLY ROOMS LIT
UP AT THE MOMENT
ARE THE KITCHEN AND
THE DINING ROOM!



CREEP FORWARD AND
SEE WHAT THEY'RE
DOING!

BUT FOR HEAVEN'S
SAKE, DON'T LET THEM
KNOW THEY'RE BEING
WATCHED!



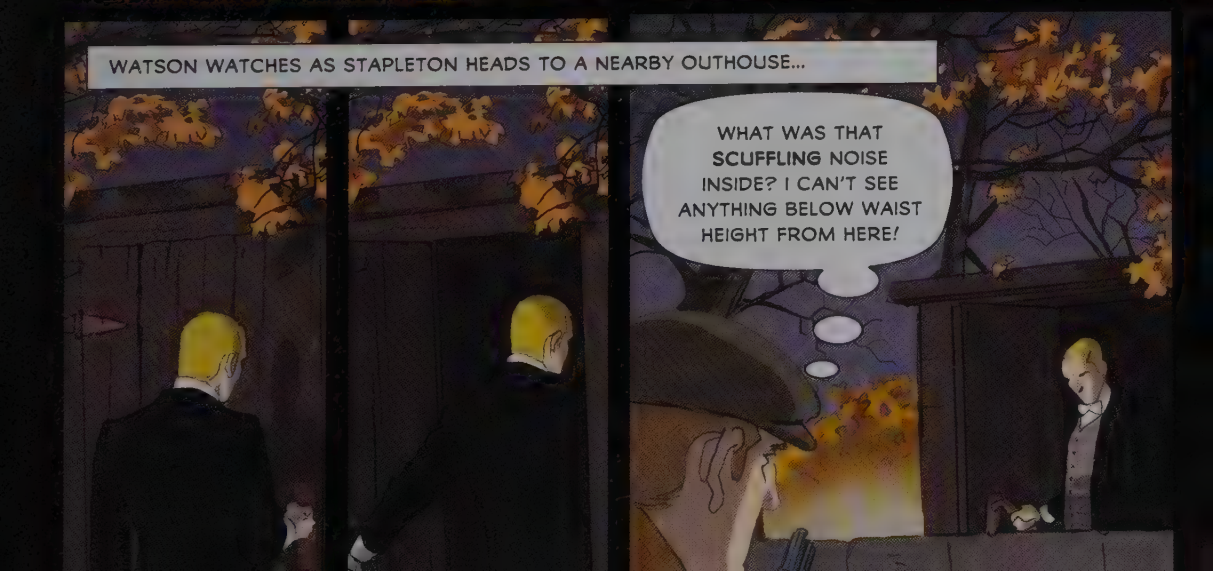
WATSON TIPTOES DOWN THE PATH AND CROUCHES
BEHIND THE WALL SURROUNDING THE HOUSE...

IT LOOKS AS IF THEY'VE
FINISHED THEIR MEAL.
NO SIGN OF *BERYL*
STAPLETON, THOUGH!



STAPLETON LEAVES THE ROOM AND WATSON HEARS
THE CREAK OF A DOOR AND THE CRUNCH OF BOOTS
ON GRAVEL...

WHERE'S STAPLETON
GOING?



WATSON WATCHES AS STAPLETON HEADS TO A NEARBY OUTHOUSE...

WHAT WAS THAT
SCUFFLING NOISE
INSIDE? I CAN'T SEE
ANYTHING BELOW WAIST
HEIGHT FROM HERE!

STAPLETON RETURNS TO THE DINING ROOM AND
WATSON REPORTS BACK TO HOLMES...

AND YOU SAY *BERYL*
STAPLETON WASN'T THERE?
THEN WHERE CAN SHE BE?

HOLMES LOOKS TOWARD THE MOOR
WITH CONCERN...

THE FOG IS
CREEPING THIS
WAY!

IS THAT SERIOUS?

VERY SERIOUS INDEED!
IT'S THE **ONLY** THING ON
EARTH THAT COULD HAVE
DISRUPTED MY PLANS!

SIR HENRY'S LIFE MAY
DEPEND ON HIS COMING
OUT **BEFORE** THE FOG
COVERS THE PATH!

THE KITCHEN LIGHT GOES OUT AS
THE SERVANTS RETIRE TO BED...

IF SIR HENRY ISN'T OUT
SOON, WE WON'T BE ABLE
TO SEE A HAND IN FRONT
OF US!

SHALL WE MOVE
BACK TO HIGHER
GROUND?

I THINK WE'LL
HAVE TO!

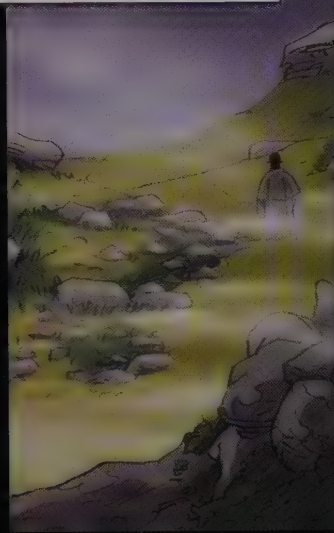
THE MEN ARE FORCED TO RETREAT SOME HALF A MILE FROM THE HOUSE...

WE MUST STOP HERE!
WE CAN'T RISK SIR HENRY
BEING OVERTAKEN BEFORE
HE CAN REACH US!

I THINK I HEAR HIM
APPROACHING!



HOLMES AND HIS FRIENDS WATCH FROM HIDING AS SIR HENRY STRIDES PAST...



THEN, AS SIR HENRY DISAPPEARS FROM VIEW...

THUDDER!
THUD!

LISTEN!

THUDDER!
THUD!

IT'S COMING!

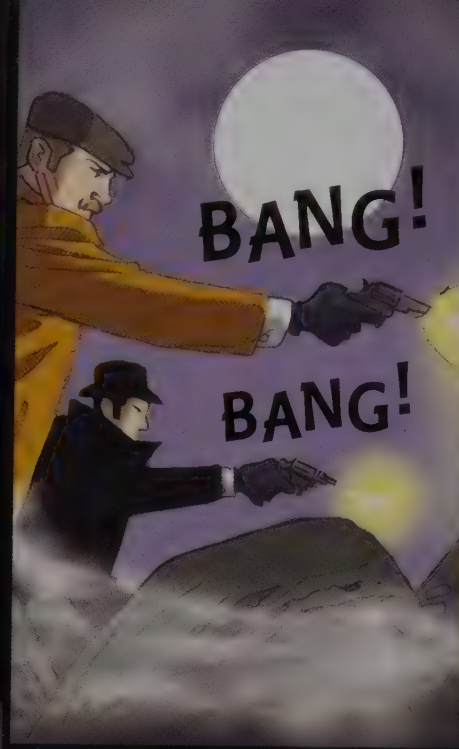
THUDDER!
THUD!

LOOK OUT!





SNAARR!



BEFORE HOLMES AND HIS FRIENDS CAN STOP IT,
THE MONSTROUS HOUND SPRINGS ON SIR HENRY...

SNAARRR!

A comic book panel showing a man in a dark suit being attacked by a large, yellow and black dog. The dog is on top of the man, who is lying on the ground. The man's face is in pain, and he is shouting. A speech bubble contains the text "AAAAEEEEIII!".

AAAAEEEEIII!

...AND GOES IN FOR THE KILL...

RAAGH!

AGGGGGGHHH!

BANG!
BANG!
BANG! BANG!
BANG!

FATALLY WOUNDED, THE BEAST GIVES ONE
LAST CRY OF AGONY...

HOOOOWWWWLLL!

...BEFORE FALLING DOWN DEAD.





HE CANNOT ESCAPE US,
MADAM!

NO, I DIDN'T MEAN
MY HUSBAND!
IS SIR HENRY SAFE?

YES.



THANK HEAVEN!

LET ME EXAMINE
THOSE ROPE
BURNS!



THEY'RE NOTHING,
COMPARED TO THE WAY
MY MIND AND SOUL HAVE
SUFFERED UNDER THAT
MAN!

I PUT UP WITH IT ALL
BECAUSE I BELIEVED HE
LOVED ME! BUT NOW I
KNOW I WAS ONLY
BEING USED!



MAKE AMENDS FOR
YOUR INVOLVEMENT IN
STAPLETON'S CRIMES BY
TELLING US WHERE HE IS!

THERE'S ONLY ONE PLACE
HE COULD HAVE GONE...

...THERE'S AN ABANDONED
TIN MINE ON AN ISLAND
AT THE HEART OF THE
GRIMPEN MIRE...

...HE KEPT THE HOUND
THERE MOST OF THE
TIME. HE ONLY BROUGHT
IT HERE WHEN HE WAS
READY TO USE IT!

LEAVING MRS. STAPLETON WITH HER SERVANTS, HOLMES AND WATSON HEAD FOR THE MIRE...

SURELY WE CAN'T
HOPE TO CROSS THE
MIRE SAFELY IN THESE
CONDITIONS, HOLMES?

STAPLETON TOLD ME IT
WAS DEADLY ENOUGH AT
THE BEST OF TIMES!

IF WE CAN CATCH UP WITH
HIM BEFORE HE GETS TOO
FAR, WE MAY HAVE A
CHANCE!

SURE ENOUGH, AS THE TWO MEN REACH THE EDGE OF THE MIRE...

THERE HE IS!

STAPLETON!

GIVE YOURSELF UP,
MAN! IT'S YOUR
ONLY HOPE!

NEVER!

YOU MAY HAVE THWARTED
ME, HOLMES, BUT YOU'LL
NEVER CATCH ME!

BUT STAPLETON'S HASTE, COMBINED WITH THE FOG, MAKE HIS JOURNEY MORE DIFFICULT THAN USUAL...

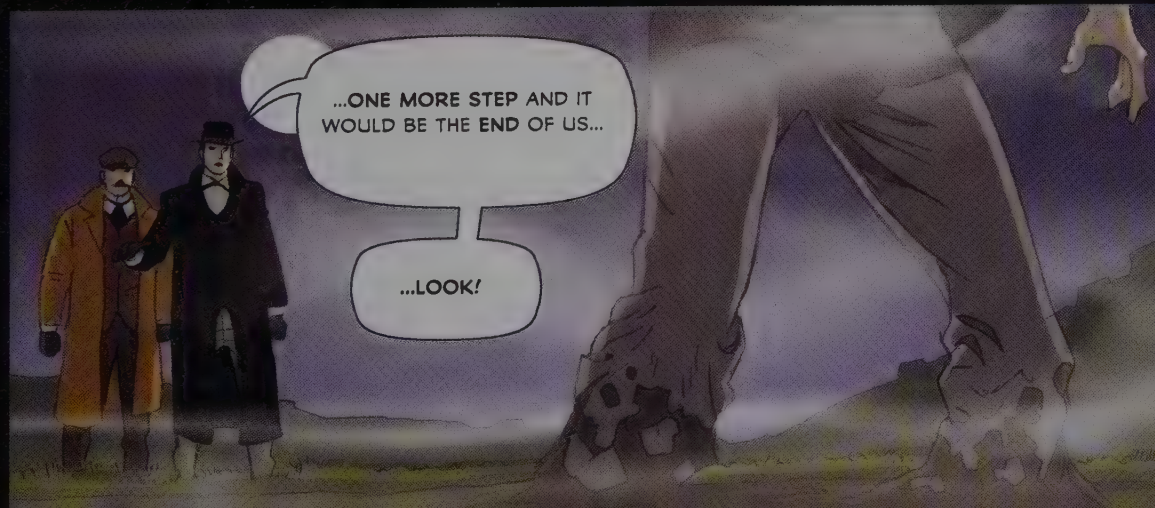


AGHH!



HE'S STUCK!
NOW'S OUR
CHANCE!

TIME TO TAKE YOUR
EARLIER ADVICE, WATSON...



...ONE MORE STEP AND IT
WOULD BE THE END OF US...

...LOOK!

HOLMES AND WATSON CAN ONLY WATCH IN HORROR, AS STAPLETON IS SUCKED DOWN INTO THE MIRE...

HELP ME!

HAVE PITY!

AGGGH!





UMMFF!



I SAID IT IN LONDON,
WATSON, AND I'LL SAY IT
AGAIN...

...NEVER HAVE WE HELPED
TO HUNT DOWN A MORE
DANGEROUS MAN THAN THE
ONE WHO NOW LIES YONDER!

A FEW WEEKS LATER, HOLMES AND WATSON ARE BACK IN BAKER STREET WHEN SIR HENRY AND DR. MORTIMER PAY A VISIT...

I UNDERSTAND YOU'VE FILLED IN SOME MISSING PIECES OF THE CASE, MR. HOLMES?

YES. THE CONFESSION OF MRS. STAPLETON HAS CERTAINLY SUPPLEMENTED MY OWN DISCOVERIES...

SIR CHARLES' BROTHER DIDN'T DIE CHILDLESS IN CENTRAL AMERICA. HE HAD A SON - THE MAN WE KNOW AS STAPLETON.

THE BOY GREW UP TO BE A SCOUNDREL LIKE HIS FATHER! HE MARRIED A COSTA RICAN, BERYL GARCIA, BUT BOTH FLED THE COUNTRY AFTER A FINANCIAL SCANDAL.

THEY CAME TO ENGLAND UNDER THE NAME VANDELEUR, BUT AFTER ANOTHER CROOKED SCHEME INVOLVING A SCHOOL IN YORK, STAPLETON SET HIS SIGHTS ON THE FAMILY FORTUNE!

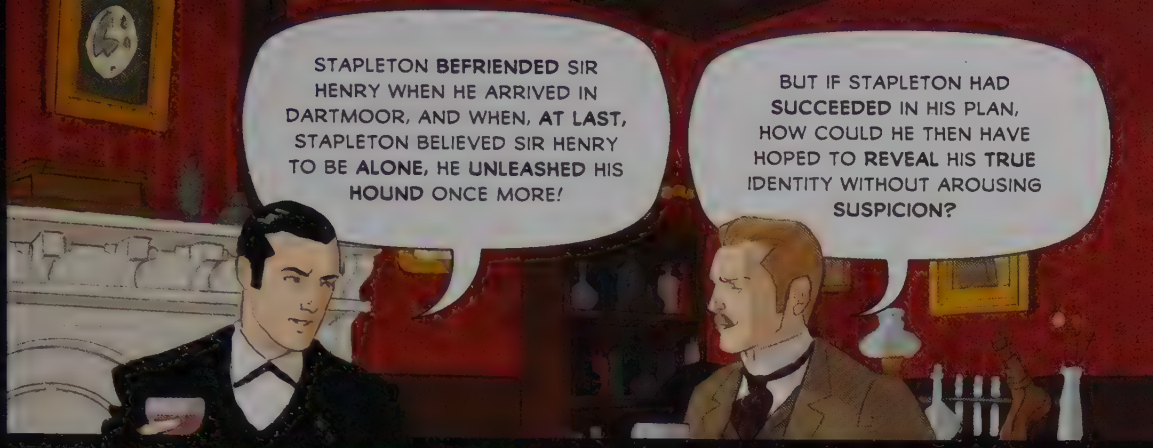
AT THAT TIME, STAPLETON WAS UNAWARE OF SIR HENRY. HE BELIEVED THAT IF HE KILLED SIR CHARLES, THE BASKERVILLE INHERITANCE WOULD BE HIS!

BERYL STAPLETON WANTED NOTHING TO DO WITH HER HUSBAND'S PLANS, SO INSTEAD HE WAS FORCED TO USE THE UNWITTING MRS. LYONS TO LURE SIR CHARLES TO HIS DEATH!

THEN SIR HENRY ARRIVED IN LONDON AND STAPLETON HAD TO START AGAIN.

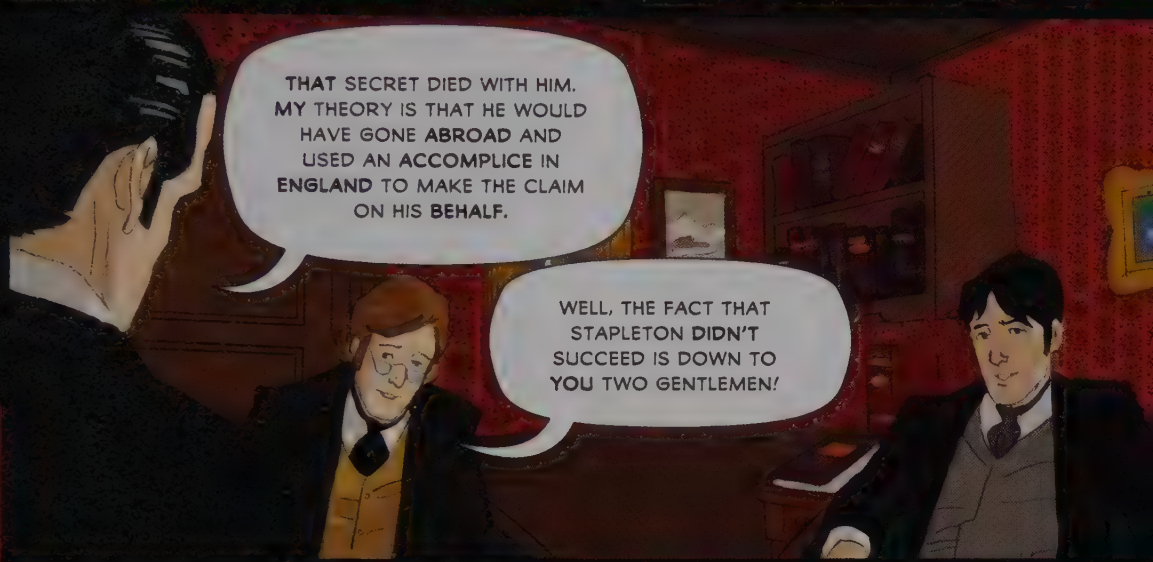
HE STOLE SIR HENRY'S BOOT, IN ORDER TO PROVIDE A SCENT FOR THE HOUND. BUT THE FIRST BOOT HE STOLE WAS NEW, SO HE HAD TO RETURN FOR A WORN ONE.

MEANWHILE, MRS. STAPLETON RISKED HER LIFE BY SENDING SIR HENRY A WARNING LETTER - A FACT WHICH MAY WELL BENEFIT HER AT HER TRIAL!

A comic book panel showing Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson in a study. Sherlock is on the left, wearing a dark suit and bow tie, looking towards Dr. Watson. Dr. Watson is on the right, wearing a brown suit and bow tie, looking back at Sherlock. The background features a red wall, a fireplace, and a bookshelf.

STAPLETON BEFRIENDED SIR HENRY WHEN HE ARRIVED IN DARTMOOR, AND WHEN, AT LAST, STAPLETON BELIEVED SIR HENRY TO BE ALONE, HE UNLEASHED HIS HOUND ONCE MORE!

BUT IF STAPLETON HAD SUCCEEDED IN HIS PLAN, HOW COULD HE THEN HAVE HOPED TO REVEAL HIS TRUE IDENTITY WITHOUT AROUSING SUSPICION?

A comic book panel showing Dr. Watson in the center, wearing a brown suit and glasses, speaking to Sherlock and Holmes. Sherlock is on the left, wearing a dark suit, and Holmes is on the right, wearing a dark suit and bow tie. The background is the same study as the previous panel.

THAT SECRET DIED WITH HIM. MY THEORY IS THAT HE WOULD HAVE GONE ABROAD AND USED AN ACCOMPLICE IN ENGLAND TO MAKE THE CLAIM ON HIS BEHALF.

WELL, THE FACT THAT STAPLETON DIDN'T SUCCEED IS DOWN TO YOU TWO GENTLEMEN!

A comic book panel showing Sherlock Holmes, Dr. Watson, and Mr. Stapleton standing together in the study, raising their glasses in a toast. Sherlock is on the left, Dr. Watson is in the center, and Mr. Stapleton is on the right. A small dog is visible in the foreground. The background is the same study.

WELL SAID, MORTIMER! LET'S TOAST MY PROTECTORS...

...THE STEADFAST DR. WATSON AND THE EXTRAORDINARY MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES!

THE END

The Story of The Hound of the Baskervilles

The *Hound of the Baskervilles* is the best-known case of Sherlock Holmes, without doubt the most famous fictional detective in the world. He was created over 100 years ago by Scottish doctor turned author, Arthur Conan Doyle. Doyle was born in Edinburgh in 1859. After leaving school, he studied medicine at Edinburgh University, where he began writing short stories.

It was here that he also encountered the man who would prove to be the inspiration for



Joseph Bell

Holmes' methods: Dr. Joseph Bell, a surgeon at Edinburgh's Royal Infirmary who lectured at the University. In his talks, Bell described how it was possible, purely by observation, to deduce not only a patient's medical condition, but also very often his or her occupation and even their place of residence.

After graduating, Doyle was briefly employed as a ship's surgeon on vessels in Greenland and West Africa, before setting up a medical practice in Plymouth, England in 1882. To begin with, the practice was not successful, so Doyle returned to writing fiction in his spare time.

His first story featuring Sherlock Holmes and his friend and colleague Dr. John Watson was *A Study in Scarlet*, published in *Beeton's Christmas Annual* in 1887. An American magazine commissioned Doyle to write a sequel, and *The Sign of Four* appeared in *Lippincott's Magazine* in 1889. Two years later, a new English magazine called *The Strand* asked for six Holmes short stories. Over the next thirty-six years, it would publish every new Sherlock Holmes adventure.

Despite the success of the detective's exploits, Doyle himself soon began to tire of the character. In 1891, he wrote to his mother saying; "I think of slaying Holmes... and winding him up for good and all. He takes my mind from better things." In 1893, having penned twenty-five cases of the great detective, Doyle wrote *The Final Problem*, in which Holmes came face to face with the 'Napoleon of crime', the brilliant but immoral Professor Moriarty. The story ended in Switzerland, with a struggle between Holmes and Moriarty at the Reichenbach Falls, which supposedly led to both men falling to their doom.



Arthur Conan Doyle



The Yeth Hound

But there was public outcry that Doyle could have killed off such a popular character. Young men in the City of London even went as far as wearing black armbands as a sign of mourning.

Eight years later, Doyle was on a golfing retreat in Cromer, Norfolk, with his friend Bertram Fletcher Robinson. Robinson recounted the legends of ghostly hounds, specifically Black Shuck,

who haunted the Norfolk coastline, and the Yeth Hound, said to terrorize Dartmoor. Doyle immediately realized that these legends would make the basis for a thrilling adventure story.

After drafting out the plot, he inserted the character of Sherlock Holmes, and in August 1901, *The Strand Magazine* published the first instalment of *The Hound of the Baskervilles*. The tale would go on to become the most famous of all Holmes' cases. At the time, Doyle was at pains to make clear that the story took place before Holmes' death in Switzerland.

However, bowing to public pressure, Doyle soon resurrected Holmes in *The Empty House*, published in 1903. He would go on to pen another thirty-two Holmes stories, with the final adventure, *Shoscombe Old Place*, being published in 1927. Doyle died three years later at the age of seventy-one.

The Hound of the Baskervilles has been adapted more times than any other Holmes story. The first known version is a German silent film from 1914 called *Der Hund von Baskerville*. British stage actor Eille Norwood played Holmes

in a 1921 adaptation as part of a series of Holmes films which Doyle himself described as wonderful. Probably the most celebrated big screen Holmes, Basil Rathbone, played the detective in *The Hound of the Baskervilles* in 1939, alongside Nigel Bruce as a rather bumbling, yet likeable Dr. Watson. This was the first movie to retain the original Victorian setting and was successful enough to lead to thirteen more films starring the duo. Peter Cushing appeared in a 1959 Hammer Films adaptation, which was the first Sherlock Holmes film not made in black and white.

Cushing returned to the role on television in a two-part version of *The Hound of the Baskervilles* that aired in 1968. Further TV adaptations starred Stewart Grainger (1972), former Doctor Who, Tom Baker (1982), Ian Richardson (1983) and many people's ideal Holmes, Jeremy Brett (1988). *Sherlock Holmes and the Baskerville Curse* was a 1983 animated version of the tale, with Holmes voiced by Peter O'Toole. More recently, the TV series *Sherlock* and *Elementary* featured versions of the story respectively entitled *The Hounds of Baskerville* and *Hounded*.

It seems the public's appetite for the adventures of Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson will never be satisfied. The gas-lit, Victorian world in which the great detective and his friend existed may be gone, but the men themselves live on.



Sherlock Holmes and
Dr. Watson

Russell Punter was born in Bedfordshire, England. From an early age he enjoyed writing and illustrating his own stories. He trained as a graphic designer at art college in West Sussex before entering publishing in 1987. He has written over fifty books for children, ranging from original stories to adaptations of classic novels.

Andrea da Rold was born in Milan, Italy. He graduated from Milan's prestigious Academy of Fine Arts, and he still lives in the city today. He works as a cartoonist for Star Comics (*Samuel Sand*, *Lazarus Ledd*) and as an illustrator of children's books, working with, among others, Mondadori, De Agostini and Giunti. He illustrates the covers of the very popular *Geronimo Stilton* for Piemme and collaborates on Mondadori's *Focus Jr.* magazine.

Mike Collins has been creating comics for over 25 years. Starting on *Spider-Man* and *Transformers* for Marvel UK, he has also worked for DC, 2000AD and a host of other publishers. In that time he's written or drawn almost all the major characters for each company – *Wonder Woman*, *Batman*, *Superman*, *Flash*, *Teen Titans*, *X-Men*, *Captain Britain*, *Judge Dredd*, *Sláine*, *Rogue Trooper*, *Darkstars*, *Peter Cannon: Thunderbolt* and more. He currently draws a series of noir crime fiction graphic novels, *Varg Veum*. He also provides storyboards for TV and movies, including *Doctor Who*, *Sherlock*, *Warhammer 40K*, *Igam Ogam*, *Claude*, *Hana's Helpline* and *Horrid Henry*.

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